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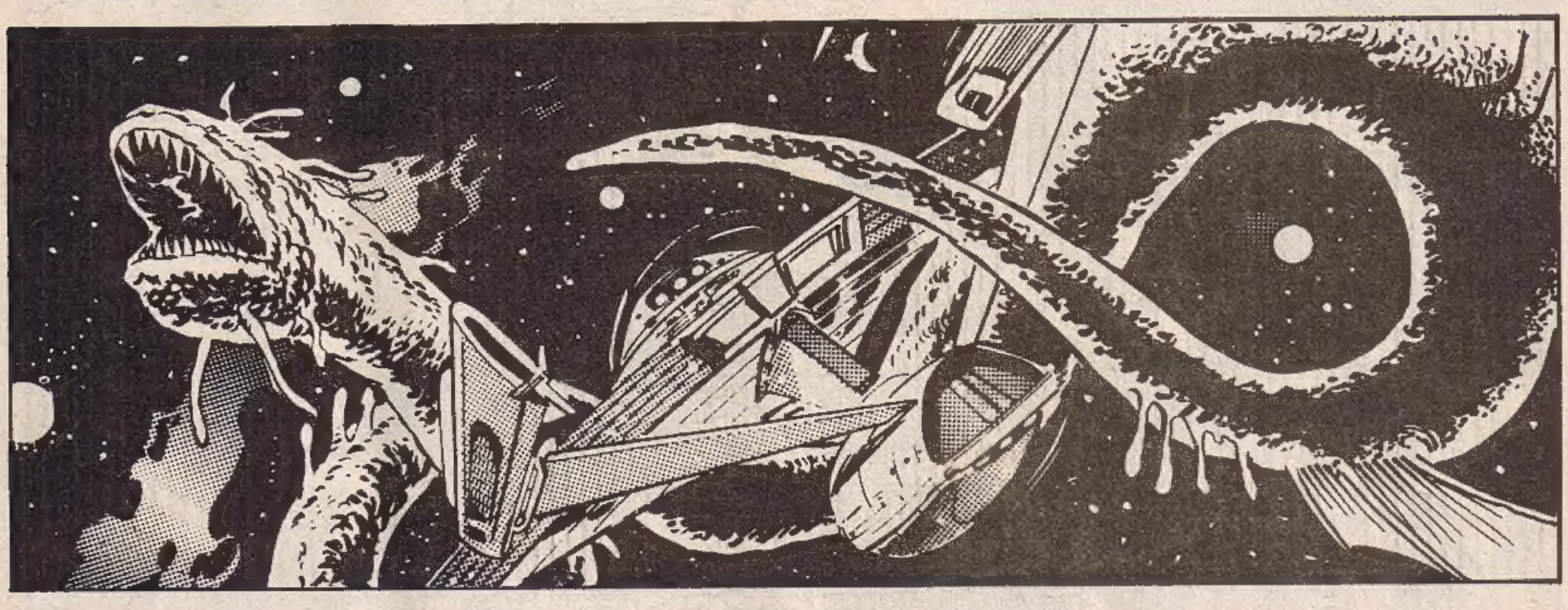


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# STAR TREK

MARTIN PASKO -- WRITER | JOE BROZOWSKI AND TOM PALMER -- ARTISTS | JOE ROSEN -- LETTERER | LOUISE JONES -- EDITOR | JIM SHOOTER -- EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ENTERPRISE LOG - STARDATE 7935.3: BRIEFING OF SENIOR OFFICERS ON MISSION TO PLANET ANDRONICUS HAS BEGUN...
WHAT YOU'RE WATCHING, GENTLEMEN, IS AN EXTRACT FROM THE LAST LOG OF CAPTAIN RYAN -- LATE OF THE U.S.S. LAFAYETTE.
IT DEPICTS THE ULTIMATE EFFECT OF BERTHOLD RAYS ON THE HUMAN BODY.
BERTHOLD RADIATION IS EMITTED BY VARIOUS STARS THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY -- SUCH AS THE VARIABLE PRIMARY IN THE BINARY SYSTEM OMICRON CETI.
THE PLANET ANDRONICUS IS IN ONE SUCH SYSTEM...
...WHERE THE PSYCHIATRIST CARL WENTWORTH -- THE FOUNDER OF THE "ANTI-APOLOGISTS MOVEMENT" -- RECENTLY FOUNDED HIS PRIVATE CLINIC...?
THAT'S RIGHT.
THEN THERE'S A COLONY THERE--?
WE'RE TO TRANSPORT DR. WENTWORTH AND HIS PATIENTS TO THE NEAREST STARBASE --
IN A SENSE, MR. DESALLE -- YES.
THE CLINIC -- WHICH IS ENTIRELY SELF-SUFFICIENT -- IS THE ONLY POCKET OF HABITATION ON ANDRONICUS.
IT IS ENCLOSED WITHIN A TRANSPARENT NEUTRONIUM SHIELDING.
BUT STRUCTURAL DEFICIENCIES IN THAT PROTECTIVE DOME ARE ALLOWING BERTHOLD RAYS TO PENETRATE IN SMALL AMOUNTS...
...AND THE FEDERATION COUNCIL HAS ORDERED THE CLINIC EVACUATED BEFORE THE RADIATION-LEVELS POSE A SERIOUS HEALTH HAZARD.
BRIDGE TO CAPTAIN KIRK -- WE'RE ENTERING STANDARD ORBIT AROUND ANDRONICUS, SIR.
THANK YOU, MR. SULU... WE'RE ON OUR WAY. KIRK OUT.

PRESENTLY--AT THE NEAREST TURBO-LIFT...

THE WAY I HEAR IT, JIM, THIS WENTWORTH IS NOT YOUR ORDINARY PSYCHIATRIST.

I KNOW, BONES... THE SCUTTLEBUTT IS HE'S MORE OF A TEACHER-- SOME SAY A CULT LEADER!

"CON ARTIST" IS MORE LIKE IT!

TO BE PRECISE, DR. WENTWORTH RIDS HIS PATIENTS OF NEEDLESS GUILT FEELINGS...

...BY TRAINING THEM TO BASE THEIR CONDUCT ON WHAT HE CALLS "ENLIGHTENED SELF-INTEREST."

DO I DETECT A NOTE OF CONTEMPT, SPOCK?

I DO NOT JUDGE, CAPTAIN. INDEED, I CANNOT... FOR DR. WENTWORTH TRAFFICS IN HUMAN EMOTIONS--

--OF WHICH I CAN CLAIM NO GREAT EXPERIENCE.

SPEAKING OF EMOTIONS, MR. SCOTT-- YOU LOOK LIKE YOU JUST LOST YOUR BEST FRIEND.

'TIS NAE WHA' I'M LOSIN' THAT'S GO' ME IN A BLUE FUNK, CAP'N. IT'S... AH, NEVER MIND, SIR. 'TIS A PERSONAL MATTER.

WELL, SNAP OUT OF IT-- AND THAT'S AN ORDER. IF WENTWORTH IS AS ECCENTRIC AS I'VE HEARD...

...THIS ASSIGNMENT IS GOING TO BE TOUGH ENOUGH AS IT IS.

AND IN TRANSPORTER ROOM THREE...

WELCOME ABOARD THE U.S.S. ENTERPRISE. I'M CAPTAIN KIRK.

ANDREA MANNING, CAPTAIN. I'M DR. WENTWORTH'S ASSISTANT.

THE OTHERS WILL BE ALONG DIRECTLY.

ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MY FIRST OFFICER, MR. SPOCK...

...TRANSPORTER CHIEF RAND...

...AND OUR CHIEF ENGINEER, COMMANDER SCOTT.

MONTGOMERY--?!

ER... HOW DO YOU DO, COMMANDER?

HULLO...

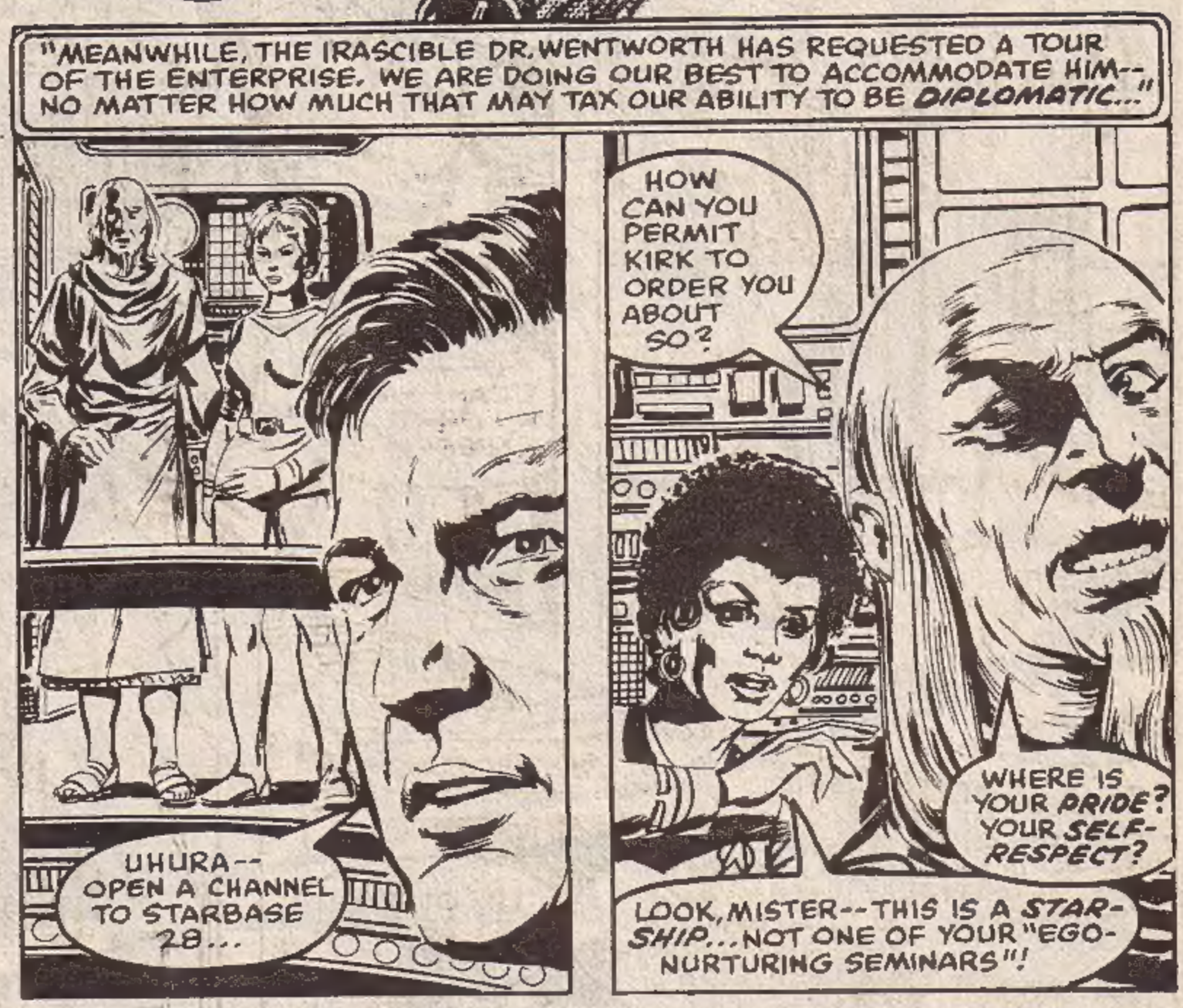
...ANDREA.

CAPTAIN'S LOG- STARDATE 7935.6:

"WE ARE EN ROUTE TO STARBASE 28 WITH OUR PASSENGERS. SINCE THE AWKWARD MOMENT IN THE TRANSPORTER ROOM, RUMORS HAVE BEEN FLYING AMONG THE CREW CONCERNING COMMANDER SCOTT AND MS. MANNING..."

SO WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, SPOCK? YOU THINK SCOTTY AND MS. MANNING WERE ONCE LOVERS...

...AND HAVING HER ABOARD HAS SCOTTY SO RATTLED HE'S NOT DOING HIS JOB...?



AT THAT MOMENT-- ON THE BRIDGE-- AS THE ALERT IS REGISTERED AT THE INTERNAL SECURITY MONITOR STATION...

INTRUDER ALERT! INTRUDER ALERT!

MR. CHEKOV-- INTRUDER ON ENGINEERING DECK THREE! ORIGIN AND NATURE UNKNOWN!

DA-- I HAVE THE READING! DISPATCHING A SECURITY TEAM IMMEDIATELY!

MEAN-WHILE...

MR. SPOCK AND I WILL FOLLOW!

WH-WHO ARE YOU--? ARRRGGH!

SHRAAK

MON'GOMERY SCOTT! I'VE COME FOR YOU-- YE KNOW THAT, DON'T YE?

KEEP AWAY FROM ME! WHA'EVER YE ARE-- D-DON'T TOUCH ME! P-PLEASE-- DON'T TOUCH ME!

YE FEAR ME, DON'T YE? YE KNOW ME IRON CLAWS CAN RIP YE APART LIKE SO MUCH HEATHER, DON'T YE? HEE-HEE-HEE!

LOOK-- IT'S CORNERED COMMANDER SCOTT! BUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM? HE'S WHIMPERING LIKE A WHIPPED DOG--!

NEVER MIND THAT-- JUST SHOOT THAT THING!

PHASERS ON "STUN"--

FIRE!

WITHOUT A MOMENT'S PAUSE, THE STRANGE FIGURE WHIRLS AND SPEAKS AN INCANTATION...

"COME FORTH, DARK POW'R AT MY COM-MAND!

"LET EACH ONE DIE BY HIS OWN HAND!"

ZZTT

YAAAAH!

SPOCK-- DID YOU SEE THAT?!

INDEED, CAPTAIN -- THE INTRUDER INTENSIFIED STUN-FORCE PHASER-FIRE -- INCREASING IT TO DEMATERIALIZE-LEVEL... AND TURNED IT BACK AT THAT SECURITY OFFICER -- DESTROYING HIM.

WHAT IS IT, SPOCK?

UNKNOWN, SIR -- BUT IT APPEARS TO BE A CREATURE OUT OF OLD EARTH FOLKLORE.

THUNDERBIRD

NS

IT HAS PATTERNED ITSELF AFTER THE IMAGE OF A *WITCH-HAG*...

...OF THE SORT ASSOCIATED WITH HALLOWEEN.

HOLD YOUR FIRE! YOU *SAW* WHAT THAT THING DID TO YOUR PARTNER!

*BUT BEFORE EITHER KIRK OR SPOCK CAN ACT...*

"FITTIN' IS THIS MARKSMAN'S FATE TO TASTE DEATH 'NEATH HIS WEAPON'S WEIGHT!"

MY PHASER-PISTOL -- IT'S *GROWING*?!

*A STRANGLED SCREAM RINGS THROUGH THE ENGINEERING COMPLEX...*

*--FOLLOWED BY A SICKENING CRUNCH OF BONE AS A LARGE WEIGHT STRIKES THE DECK!...*

*CRUSHED* TO DEATH -- BY THE WEIGHT OF HIS OWN MAGNIFIED PHASER -- ?! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

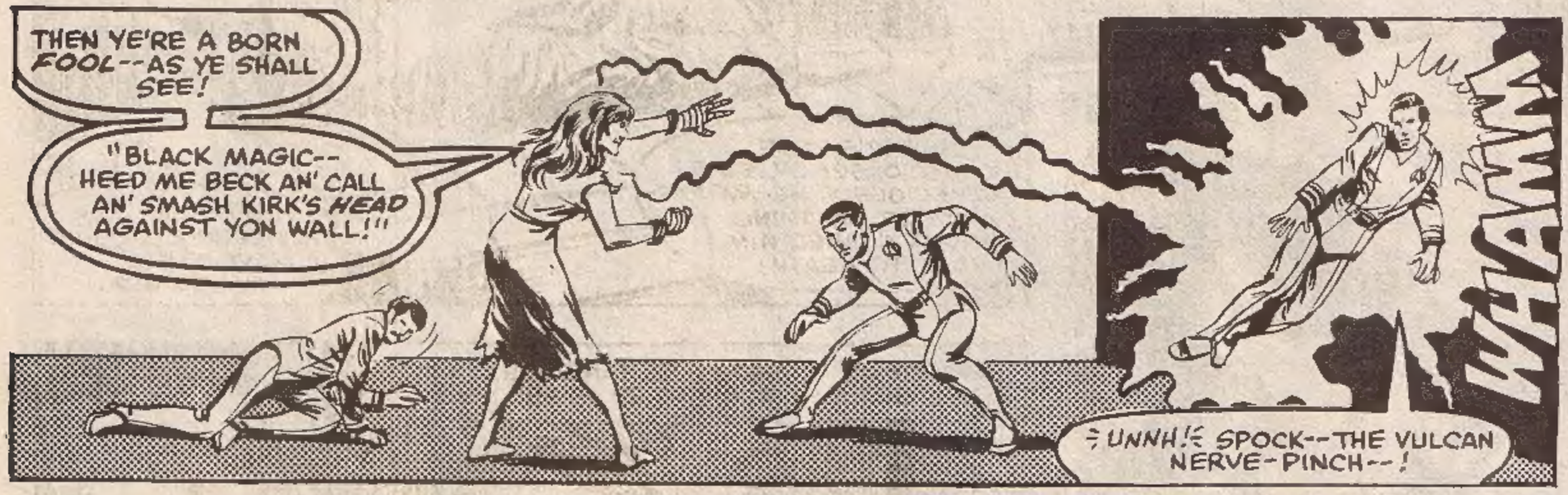
TRUE -- BUT UNLESS WE ARE THE VICTIMS OF A VERY SOPHISTICATED FORM OF HYPNOSIS...

...WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO BELIEVE THE EVIDENCE OF OUR SENSES.

NOW, MON'GOMERY SCOTT -- 'TIS *TIME*--!

NO... NO -- KEEP BACK!

IT'S TIME, ALL RIGHT...TIME TO FIND OUT WHO--OR WHAT--YOU REALLY ARE!
THE HIDEOUS HAG ADVANCES ON SCOTT, DEADLY TALONS OUTSTRETCHED--AND INSTANTLY, KIRK LUNGES TO HIS TERROR-STRICKEN ENGINEER'S DEFENSE...
EH? YE DARE ATTACK ME, CAP'N--?


THEN YE'RE A BORN FOOL--AS YE SHALL SEE!
"BLACK MAGIC--HEED ME BECK AN' CALL AN' SMASH KIRK'S HEAD AGAINST YON WALL!"
WHAMM
UNNH! SPOCK--THE VULCAN NERVE-PINCH--!

PRECISELY MY THOUGHT, CAPTAIN...BUT THE CREATURE IS EVIDENTLY INCORPOREAL.
I CANNOT AFFECT IT.
AYE, VULCAN--I "COME" AND "GO" AS I PLEASE! HEE-HEE!
AN' I'LL BE SENDIN' YOU ON YER WAY NOW, TOO--

"NOW CAST OFF HIM WITH POINTED EARS
"AS ROUND HIM MYSTIC FORCE APPEARS!"

SPOCK--ARE YOU--?
QUITE UN-HARMED, CAPTAIN.
HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE

INCREDULOUS--BUT UNHARMED.
"CAPTAIN'S LOG-STARDATE 7941.2: THE BIZARRE APPARITION IN THE ENGINEERING COMPLEX HAS VANISHED AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS IT APPEARED...

"ALTHOUGH THE INTRUDER DID NOT ATTACK MR. SCOTT DIRECTLY, ITS MERE PRESENCE SEEMS TO HAVE LEFT HIM IN A STATE OF NEAR PARALYSIS. THE EXACT CAUSE REMAINS UNKNOWN..."

HE SHOULD BE ALL RIGHT WITHIN 24 HOURS, JIM. BUT HIS NERVES WILL NEED A LONG REST.

*NERVES?* WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM, BONES?

TERROR, JIM! I KNOW THAT SOUNDS CRAZY-- ESPECIALLY ABOUT A MAN LIKE SCOTTY...

...BUT IT'S TRUE! CONSCIOUSLY OR *SUB-CONSCIOUSLY*, HE *RECOGNIZED* THAT THING-- AND IT SCARED HIM HALF TO DEATH!

OBVIOUSLY ITS INTENTION, IT COULD HAVE EASILY KILLED HIM.

WE KNOW NOTHING MORE ABOUT THE INTRUDER, SAVE THAT SHIP'S SENSORS RECORDED *ENERGY*--

--APPEARING AS IF FROM NOWHERE... AND DISAPPEARING EQUALLY INEXPLICABLY.

IMPOSSIBLE! IT *HAD* TO BE TANGIBLE! PEOPLE DON'T GET RIPPED APART BY PHANTOMS!

YOU'D BETTER FIX THOSE BLASTED COMPUTERS OF YOURS, SPOCK...

...'CAUSE WHAT THEY'RE DESCRIBIN' IS *IMPOSSIBLE!* ENERGY'S GOTTA COME FROM *SOMEPLACE!*

THERE'S THIS LITTLE PHYSICAL *LAW*, SEE--CALLED "THE CONSERVATION OF MATTER AND ENERGY"--

YOU NEED NOT PRESUME TO LECTURE ME IN ELEMENTARY SCIENCE, DOCTOR.

*SUDDENLY...*

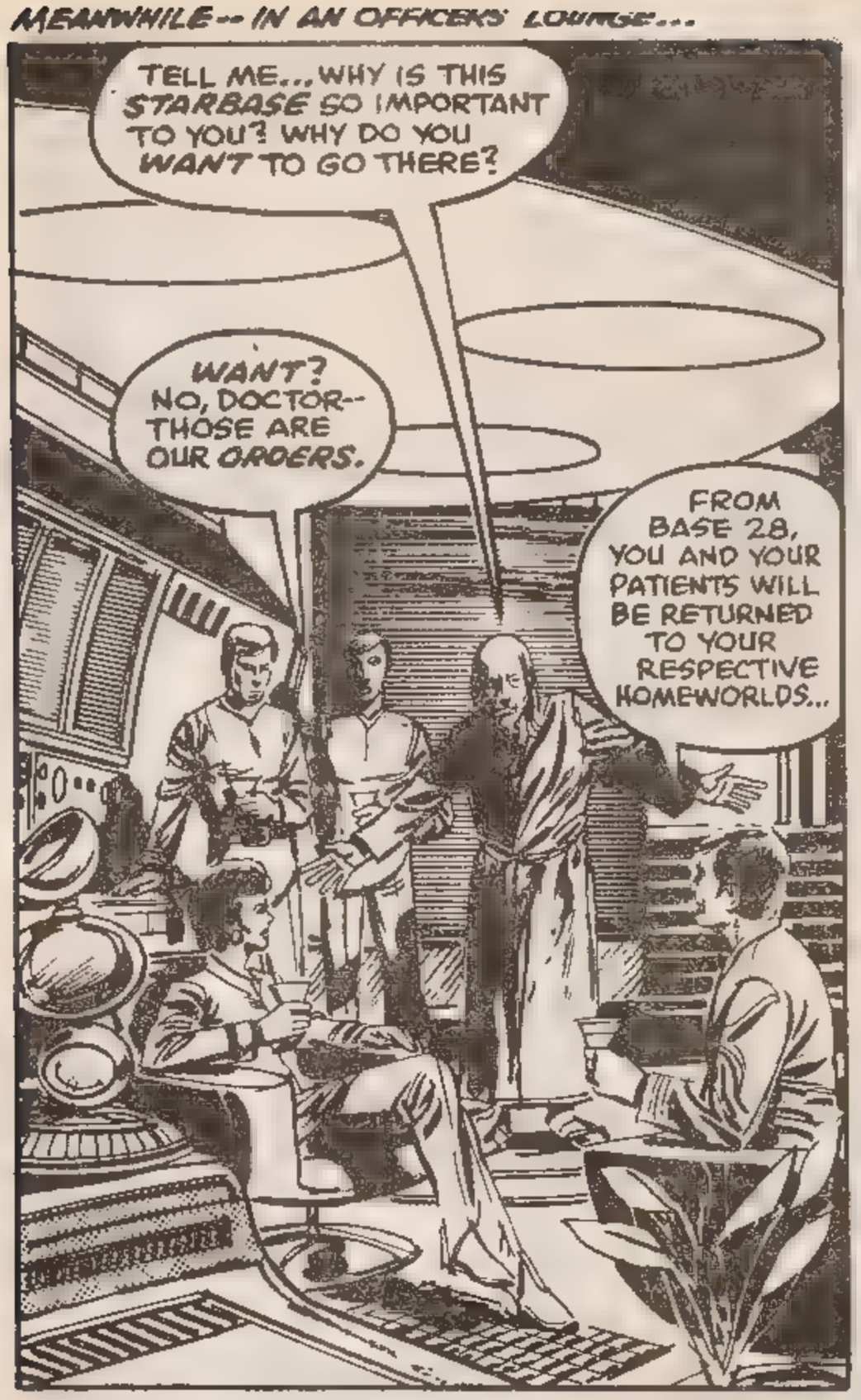
*≥UNNH!≤... BLACK ANNIS... BLACK ANNIS...*

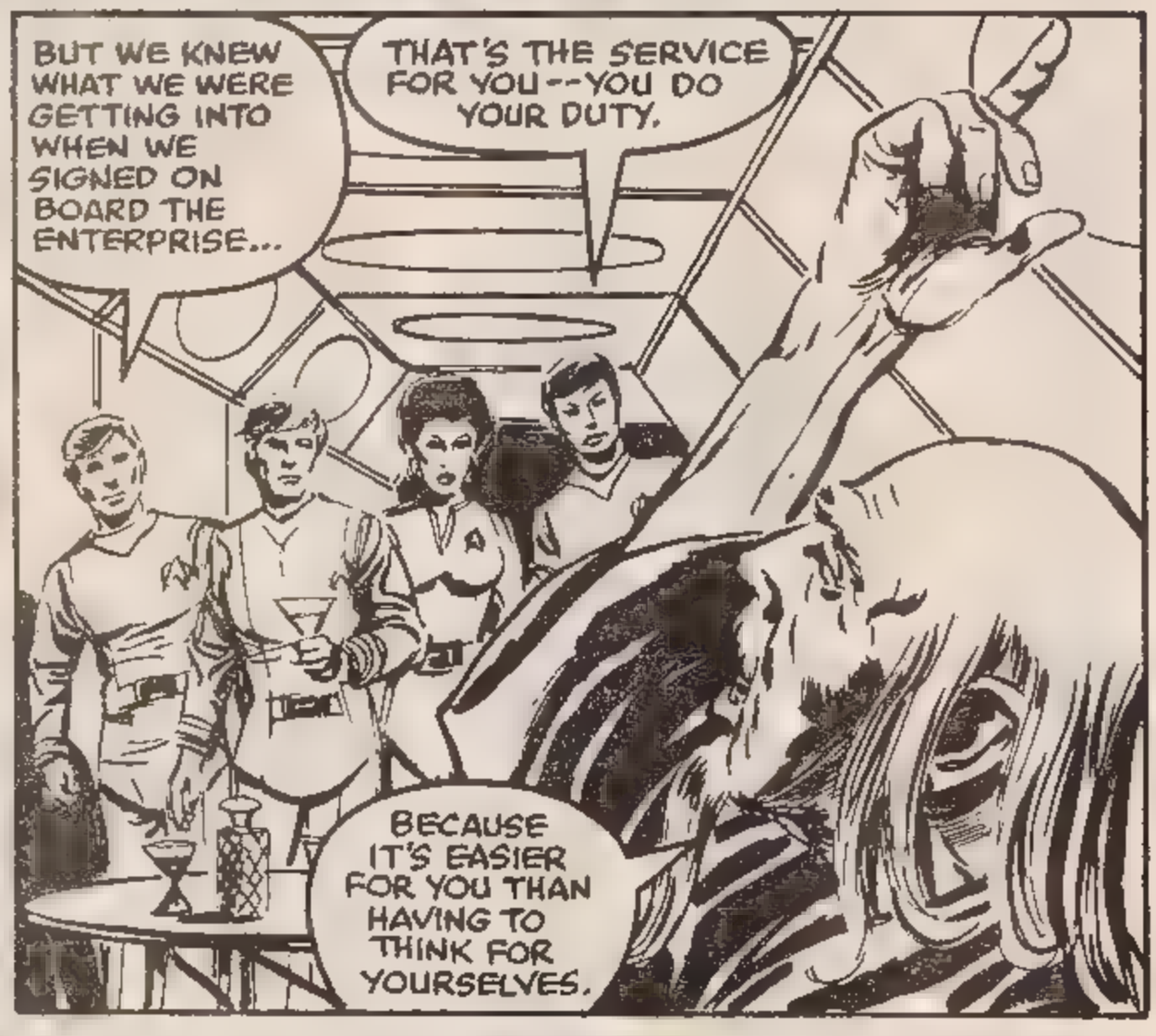
*"BLACK ANNIS?"* WHAT'S THAT--SOME KIND OF ANCIENT SCOTCH WHISKEY?

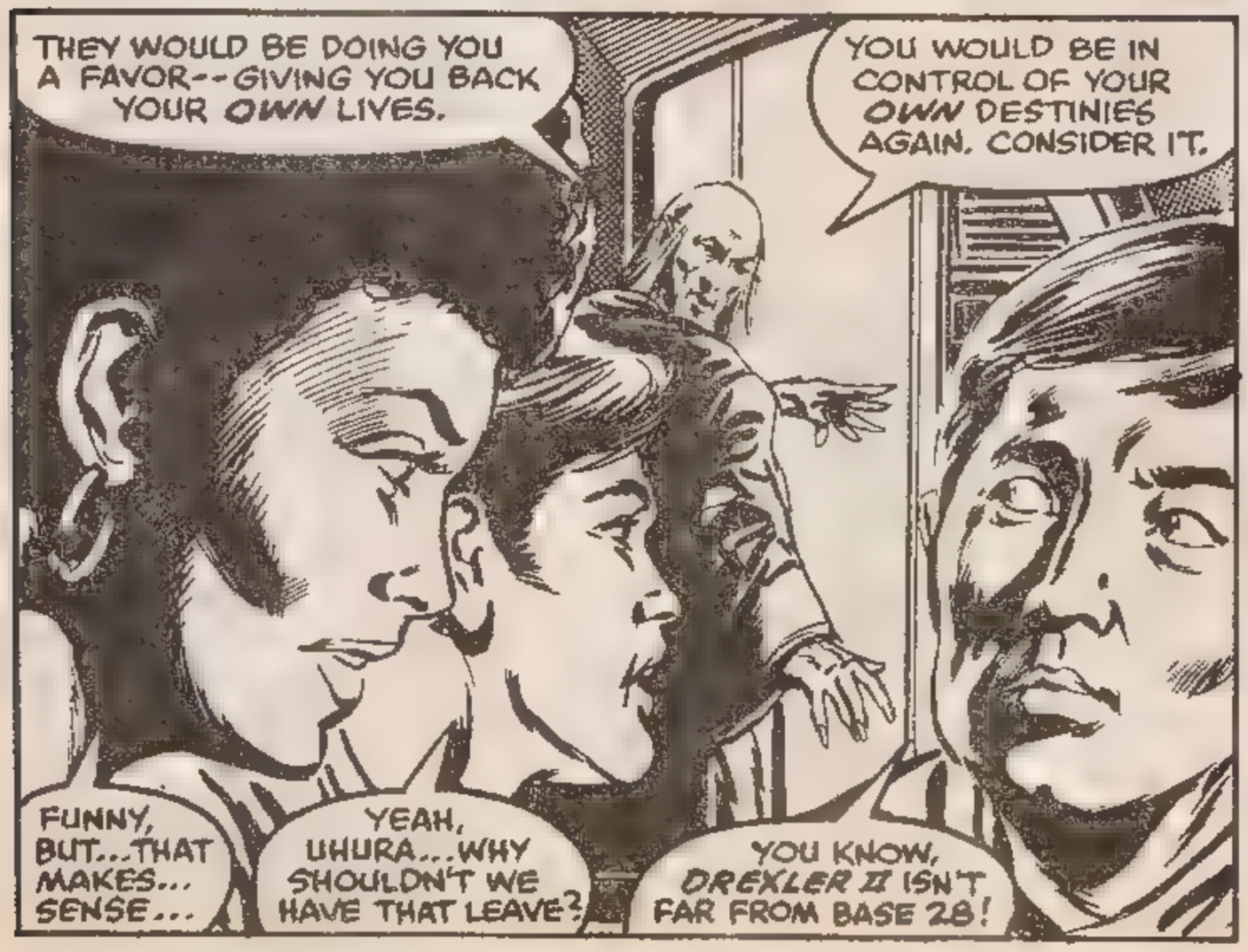
I SHALL ENDEAVOR TO ASCERTAIN THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION AT ONCE, CAPTAIN.

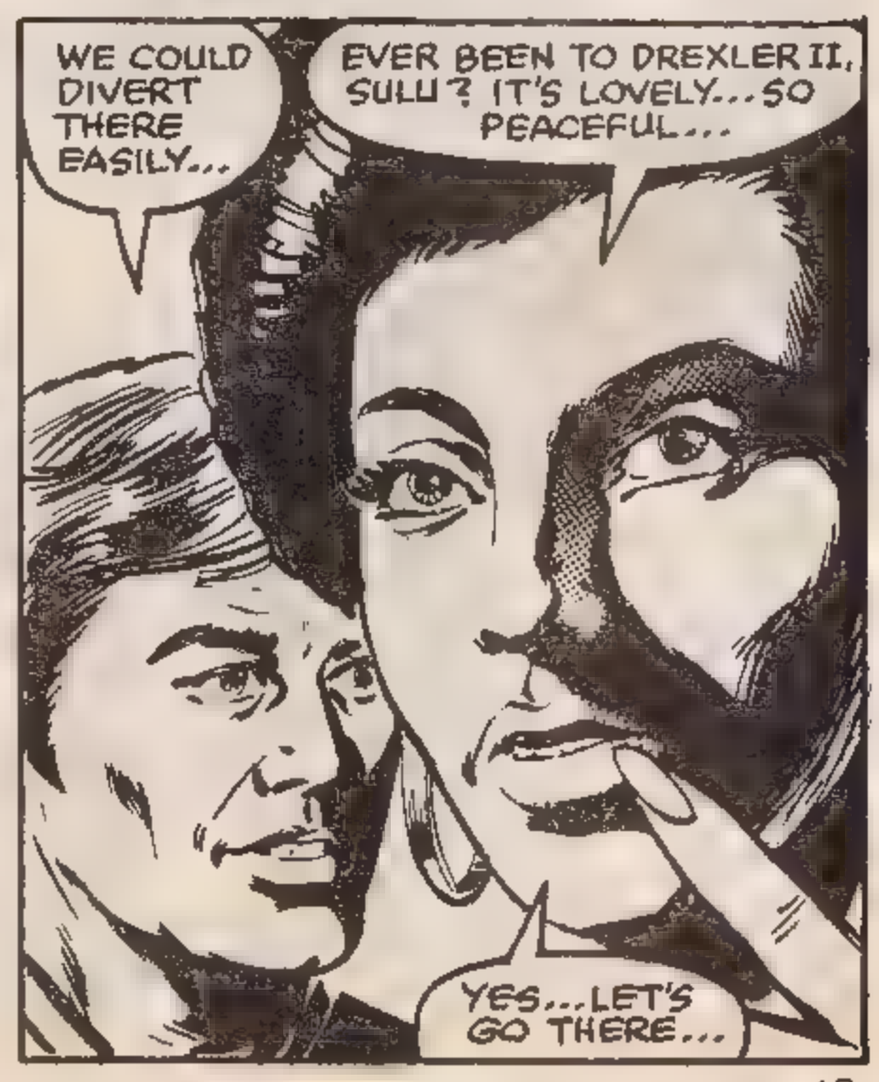
THE LINGUISTICS BANKS OF THE LIBRARY-COMPUTER SHOULD BE HELPFUL.

MEANWHILE -- IN AN OFFICERS' LOUNGE...







"MEDICAL LOG-STARDATE 7942.4-DR. CHAPEL RECORDING. I AM ATTEMPTING AN INTERVIEW WITH ANDREA MANNING, FOR INCLUSION IN COMMANDER SCOTT'S PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILE..."

IF YOU DON'T MIND MY ASKING, ISN'T IT A LITTLE EARLY FOR THAT SAURIAN BRANDY?

SO THE LADY *DRINKS!* SO WHAT?

AND YES, I DO MIND! KIRK SAID I WAS A GUEST HERE...

...SO WHY DON'T YOU STOP TREATING ME LIKE SOMETHING ON A MICROSCOPE SLIDE AND GET LOST?

SORRY TO INTRUDE-- BUT PERHAPS YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT MR. SCOTT--?

IF THE CAPTAIN AND MR. SPOCK HADN'T ALSO SEEN WHAT HE SAW, HE'D BE SURE HE'D LOST HIS MIND!

I UNDERSTAND YOU TWO WERE ONCE VERY... *CLOSE*. COULD YOU TALK TO HIM?

HE COULD USE SOME MORAL SUPPORT FROM A FRIEND RIGHT NOW.

*FRIEND??* DOCTOR, YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT! I'M SORRY, BUT IT'LL DO HIM SOME GOOD TO BE A LITTLE CRAZY FOR A WHILE!

THEN HE'LL KNOW HOW *I* FELT! I CARED SO MUCH... GAVE HIM SO MUCH... SACRIFICED SO MUCH FOR HIM...

...AND IN THE END, I STILL MEANT LESS TO HIM THAN A RIVET ON A BAFFLE-PLATE!

A WOMAN HAS TO HAVE A *DILITHIUM CRYSTAL* WHERE HER HEART SHOULD BE TO GET THE ATTENTION SHE DESERVES FROM HIM!

BUT NOT *ME*, DOCTOR! *NOT ME!*

SO CARRY A MESSAGE TO "MR. SCOTT" FOR ME, IF YOU LIKE--

TELL HIM TO *GO TO THE DEVIL!*

MEANWHILE, IN DR. McCOY'S OFFICE...
JIM, I'M LESS CONCERNED WITH WHETHER THAT THING WAS REAL THAN WITH SCOTTY'S EXTREME REACTION TO IT.
PERHAPS I CAN EXPLAIN THAT, GENTLEMEN.
ACCORDING TO THE LIBRARY-COMPUTER, BLACK ANNIS IS THE CREATURE'S NAME.

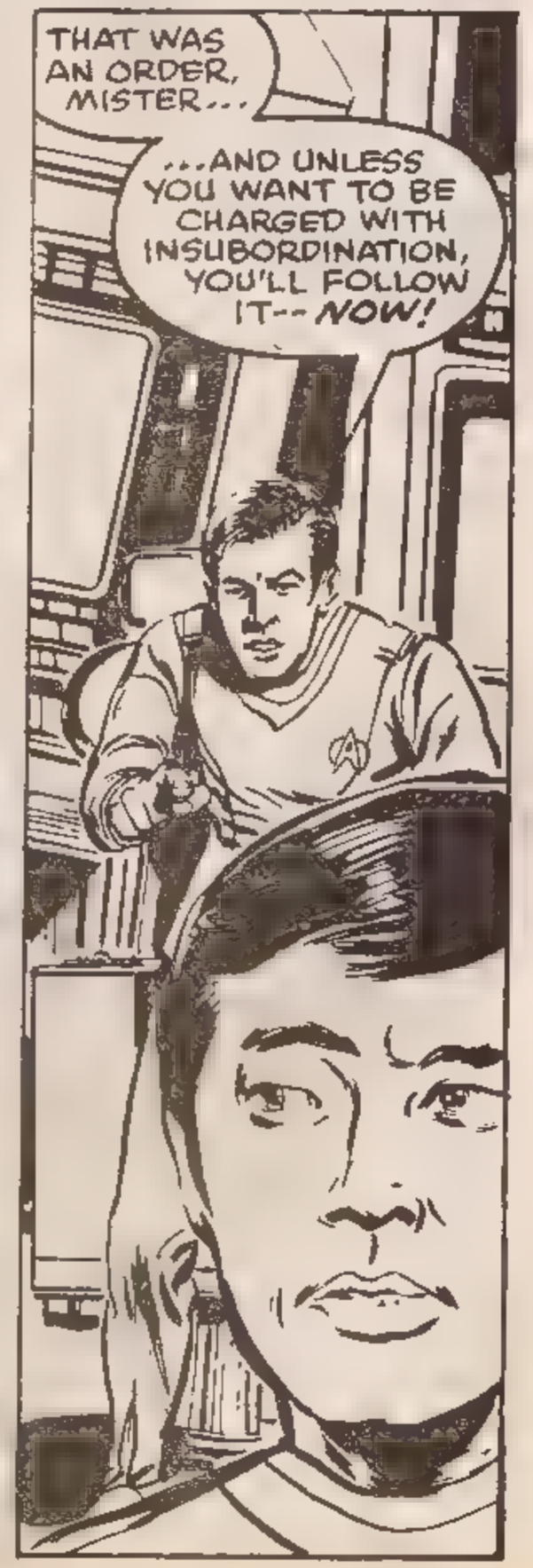
SHE WAS A WITCH IN ANCIENT SCOTTISH FOLKLORE-- REPUTED TO DEVOUR SMALL CHILDREN.
A KIND OF BOGEY MAN--?
BUT WHY WOULD IT APPEAR HERE?
MAYBE SCOTTY HIMSELF HAS SOME ANSWERS...

BUT KIRK MUST RETURN TO THE BRIDGE--AND WHEN HE DOES...
THE STAR-FIELD ON THE VIEWSCREEN-- IT'S ALL WRONG!
MR. SULU, WE'RE OFF-COURSE.
ACTUALLY, CAPTAIN, WE'RE ON COURSE-- FOR THE DREXLER SYSTEM.

A FEW OF US GOT TOGETHER AND DECIDED WE'D RATHER GO TO DREXLER II THAN STAR-BASE 28.
I TAKE IT THIS IS SOMEONE'S FEEBLE IDEA OF A JOKE--?

OH, NO, SIR. IN FACT, I'VE SENT A SUB-SPACE MESSAGE TO STARFLEET COMMAND, INFORMING THEM OF OUR CHANGE IN DESTINATION.
WELL, YOU CAN JUST UN-INFORM THEM, COMMANDER!

THEN I WANT YOU AND SULU IN MY QUARTERS-- TO EXPLAIN YOURSELVES!
BUT FIRST...MR. SULU, COME ABOUT TO A BEARING OF 3 MARK 57-- BACK TO STARBASE 28.
I'M AFRAID I CAN'T DO THAT, SIR.


THAT WAS AN ORDER, MISTER...
...AND UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE CHARGED WITH INSUBORDINATION, YOU'LL FOLLOW IT--NOW!

BUT THE HELMSMAN DOES NOT ANSWER... AND DOES NOT MOVE! THERE IS A TENSE SILENCE, THEN...
ALL RIGHT, SULU-- WE'LL HAVE IT YOUR WAY.
BUT IF YOU DRAW A GENERAL COURT FOR THIS, MISTER, REMEMBER-- YOU WERE WARNED. BRIDGE TO SECURITY...

MEANWHILE--IN SCOTTY'S QUARTERS...
BLACK ANNIS? NOSSIR, I CANNA' SAY I'VE EVER HEARD THE NAME!
BUT YOU KEPT MUTTERING IT IN YOUR SLEEP-- IN SICK BAY!
DID I NOW? I DONNA' RECALL.

IT IS POSSIBLE, MR. SCOTT, THAT IN YOUR DREAMING STATE, YOUR MIND RETRIEVED SOME LONG-BURIED MEMORY FROM YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS.
SO YOU WOULDN'T REMEMBER IT NOW! BUT WE CAN PROVE IT, SCOTTY!

THE MEDICAL COMPUTERS RECORDED EVERYTHING YOU SAID.
I'LL BE HAPPY TO LET YOU REVIEW THE TAPES--
WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT--?!
NO...OH, PLEASE, NO--!

WHILE ON THE BRIDGE...
COMMANDERS SULU AND UHURA ARE UNDER ARREST.
THEY'RE TO BE CONFINED TO THEIR QUARTERS UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

FIRST THAT STRANGE PHENOMENON IN ENGINEERING--NOW THIS!
EVER SINCE WENTWORTH AND HIS GROUP CAME ABOARD...
NOTHING THAT HAPPENS ON THIS SHIP MAKES SENSE! WHY?

WHAT'S THE CONNECTION?
INTRUDER ALERT! INTRUDER ALERT!
DECK 4 CORRIDOR, KEPTIN-- MR. SCOTT'S QUARTERS!
WHOOP! WHOOP!
WHOOP!

WHILE ON DECK FOUR...
THE CREATURE APPEARS TO BE ANOTHER MANIFESTATION FROM ANCIENT SCOTTISH FOLKLORE. THIS ONE WAS KNOWN AS A DIREACH--
IF THE DIREACH HAS BEEN SPAWNED BY THE SAME UNKNOWN FORCE THAT CREATED THE BLACK ANNIS, DOCTOR...
I DON'T CARE...WHAT IT'S CALLED, SPOCK--GASP!
...JUST... GET IT OFF ME! CHOKE SCOTTY'S HYSTERICAL AGAIN-- HE NEEDS MY HELP--UNNH!
THEN--SUDDENLY, THE DIREACH WHIRLS IN MID-AIR, AND...
WHOK
...NEITHER PHASERS NOR PHYSICAL ATTACKS MAY BE EFFECTIVE AGAINST IT.
SKRAAWK!
HOWEVER, WE CANNOT BE CERTAIN-- SO I SHALL ATTEMPT A VULCAN NERVE PINCH NEVERTHELESS.
SCREECHING IN RAGE, THE CREATURE RELEASES McCOY--WHO SLUMPS TO THE DECK, GASPING FOR BREATH...

ALERTED BY THE BIRDLIKE MONSTER'S SCREAMS, A CREWMAN DASHES INTO THE CORRIDOR...

MR. SPOCK! WHAT *IS* THAT THING?

I SUGGEST YOU RESTRAIN YOUR CURIOSITY TEMPORARILY, LIEUTENANT...

SKREEEK!

...AND ATTEMPT TO *STUN* THE CREATURE!

PHASER-FIRE'S HAVING *NO EFFECT*, SIR!

BLWHEEO

SKREEK!

JUST THEN...

SCOTTY--!

IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN-- HE'S PARALYZED WITH FEAR!

THE THING WILL CLAW HIM TO *SHREDS!*

WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION, KIRK GRABS THE HIDEOUS CREATURE'S THROAT...

...AND BEGINS TO THROTTLE IT WITH EVERY OUNCE OF HIS STRENGTH...

LET GO OF HIM, BLAST YOU!--

WHILE ON THE DECK BELOW...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MS. MANNING... WHY ARE YOU SO *HOSTILE* TO MR. SCOTT?

HE DIDN'T WANT ME...

...SAID THERE WAS... NO ROOM IN HIS LIFE... FOR A *WOMAN*...

THERE'D BEEN OTHERS, THOUGH.

BUT NONE OF THEM LOVED HIM MORE THAN *I* DID!

NOT CAROLYN PALAMAS... NOT MIRA ROMAINE...

NONE OF THEM!

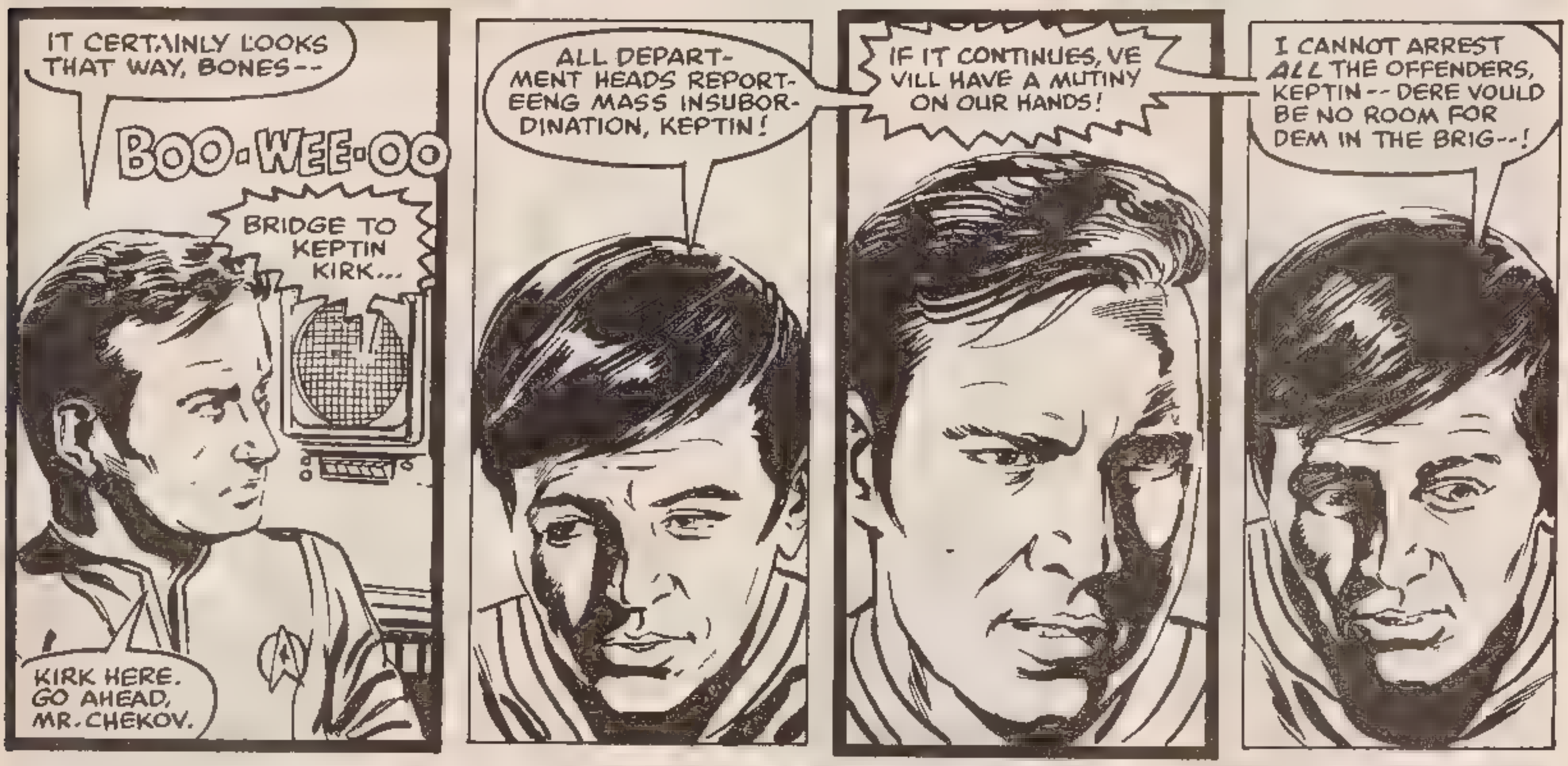
AND YET HE... HE...

OHHHH

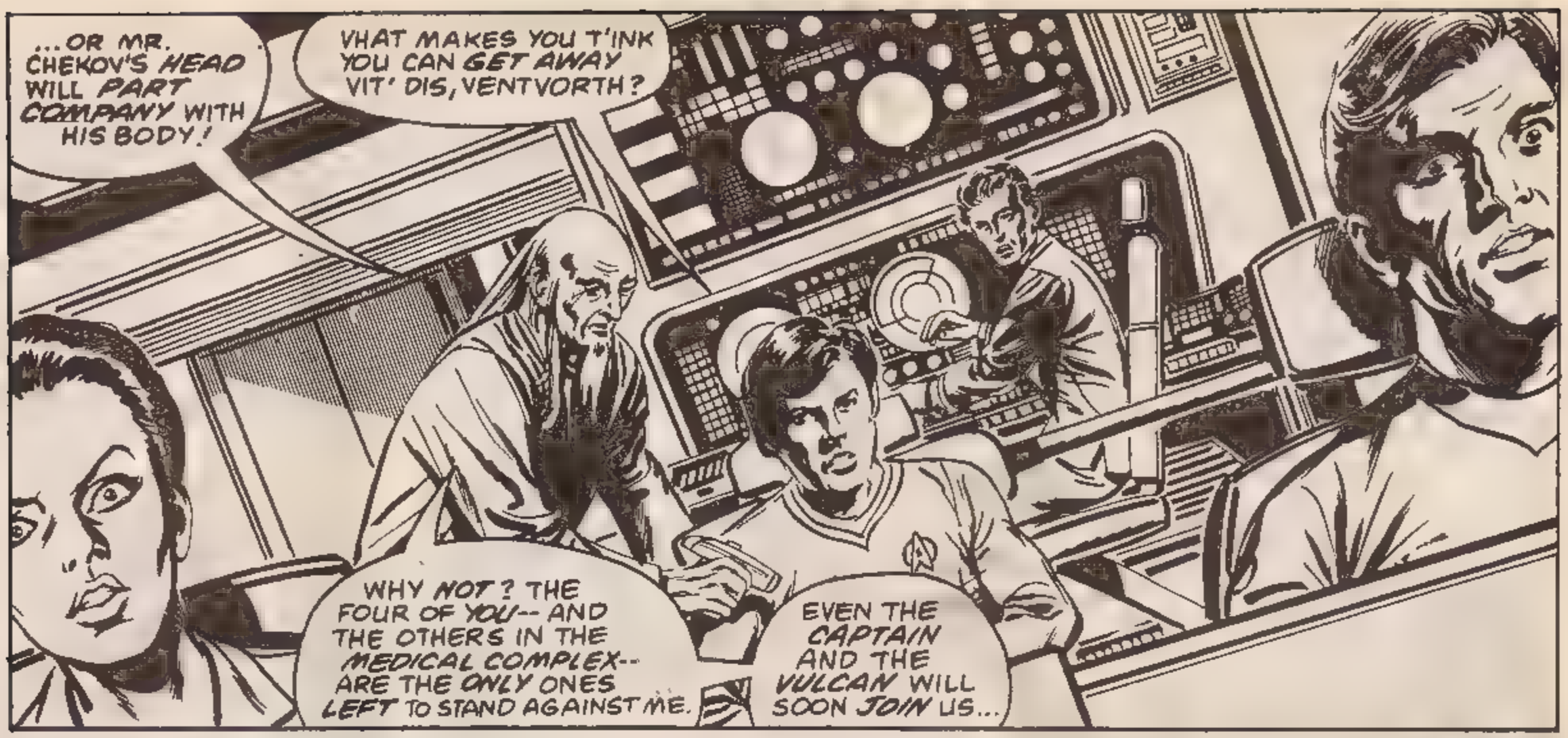
ANDREA!

SHE... SHE'S PASSED OUT--!

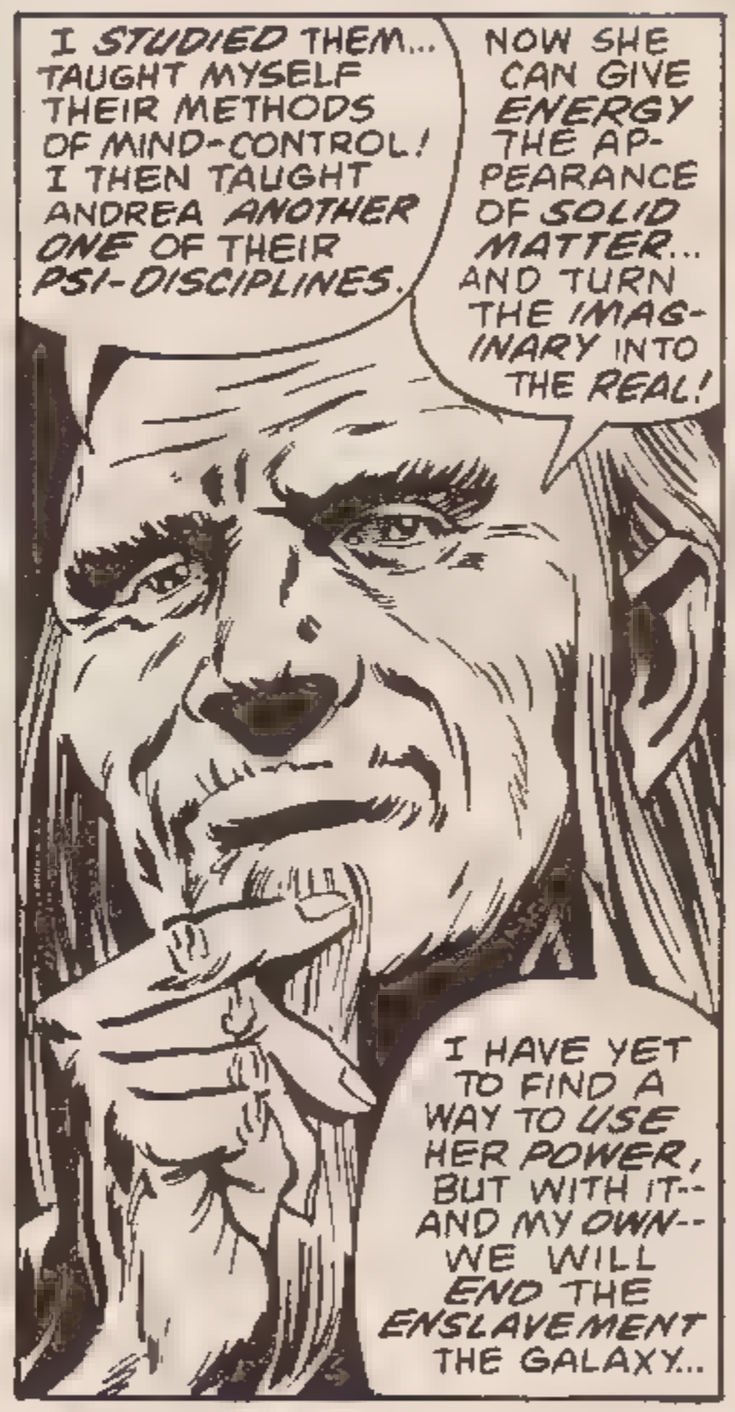
AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT...
THE CREATURE-- IT'S DIS-APPEARING--?!
"CAPTAIN'S LOG-STARDATE 7942.6: ANDREA MANNING HAS BEEN PLACED UNDER RESTRAINT IN SICK BAY, AS WE HAVE BEGUN TO SUSPECT SHE MAY BE DANGEROUS...
"MR. SCOTT AND DR. McCOY ARE COVERED WITH PLASTISKIN BAN-DAGES..."
YOU MEAN THAT MONSTER VANISHED JUST AS SHE BLACKED OUT FROM TOO MUCH BOOZE?
SOUNDS TO ME LIKE THERE'S A CONNECTION-- AS IF MANNING IS CAUSING THE CREATURES TO APPEAR SOMEHOW!


IT CERTAINLY LOOKS THAT WAY, BONES--
BOO-a-WEE-OO
BRIDGE TO KEPTIN KIRK...
KIRK HERE. GO AHEAD, MR. CHEKOV.
ALL DEPART-MENT HEADS REPORT-EENG MASS INSUBOR-DINATION, KEPTIN!
IF IT CONTINUES, VE VILL HAVE A MUTINY ON OUR HANDS!
I CANNOT ARREST ALL THE OFFENDERS, KEPTIN-- DERE VOULD BE NO ROOM FOR DEM IN THE BRIG--!

THAT WILL BE QUITE ENOUGH, MR. CHEKOV.
CUT OFF COMMUNI-CATIONS-- NOW!
MR. CHEKOV?... MR. CHEKOV--!
?! WE'VE BEEN CUT OFF!
AND ON THE BRIDGE...
HELMSMAN-- RETURN TO THE PREVIOUSLY-PLOTTED COURSE-- FOR DREXLER II...


...OR MR. CHEKOV'S HEAD WILL PART COMPANY WITH HIS BODY!
VHAT MAKES YOU T'INK YOU CAN GET AWAY VIT' DIS, VENTVORTH?
WHY NOT? THE FOUR OF YOU-- AND THE OTHERS IN THE MEDICAL COMPLEX-- ARE THE ONLY ONES LEFT TO STAND AGAINST ME.
EVEN THE CAPTAIN AND THE VULCAN WILL SOON JOIN US...

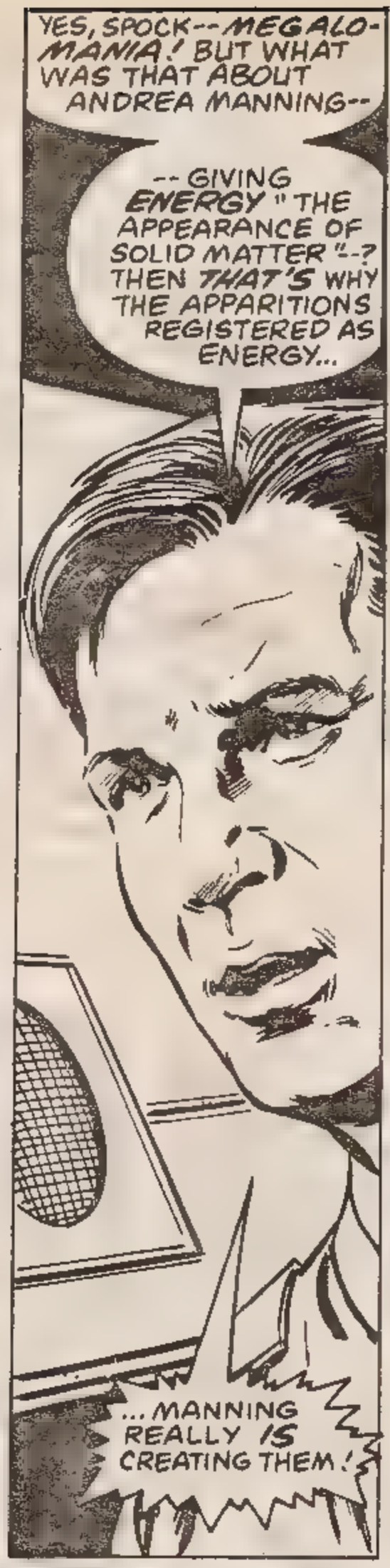
...THANKS TO THE ANDRONICAN MIND-DIRECTION TECHNIQUES I HAVE MASTERED!
YOU SEE, THE ANDRONICAN CIVILIZATION HAD LONG SINCE DIED OFF... BUT THEIR ARCHIVES HAD NOT!


I STUDIED THEM... TAUGHT MYSELF THEIR METHODS OF MIND-CONTROL! I THEN TAUGHT ANDREA ANOTHER ONE OF THEIR PSI-DISCIPLINES.
NOW SHE CAN GIVE ENERGY THE APPEARANCE OF SOLID MATTER... AND TURN THE IMAGINARY INTO THE REAL!
I HAVE YET TO FIND A WAY TO USE HER POWER, BUT WITH IT-- AND MY OWN-- WE WILL END THE ENSLAVEMENT THE GALAXY...

...BY FEDERATIONS AND EMPIRES! WE WILL FREE ALL BEINGS FROM THOSE WHO WOULD DENY THEM THEIR FREEDOM IN THE NAME OF DUTY!
DREXLER II WILL BECOME OUR BASE. AND THE ENTERPRISE THE FLAGSHIP OF OUR FLEET!
TOGETHER, WE WILL TRIUMPH...

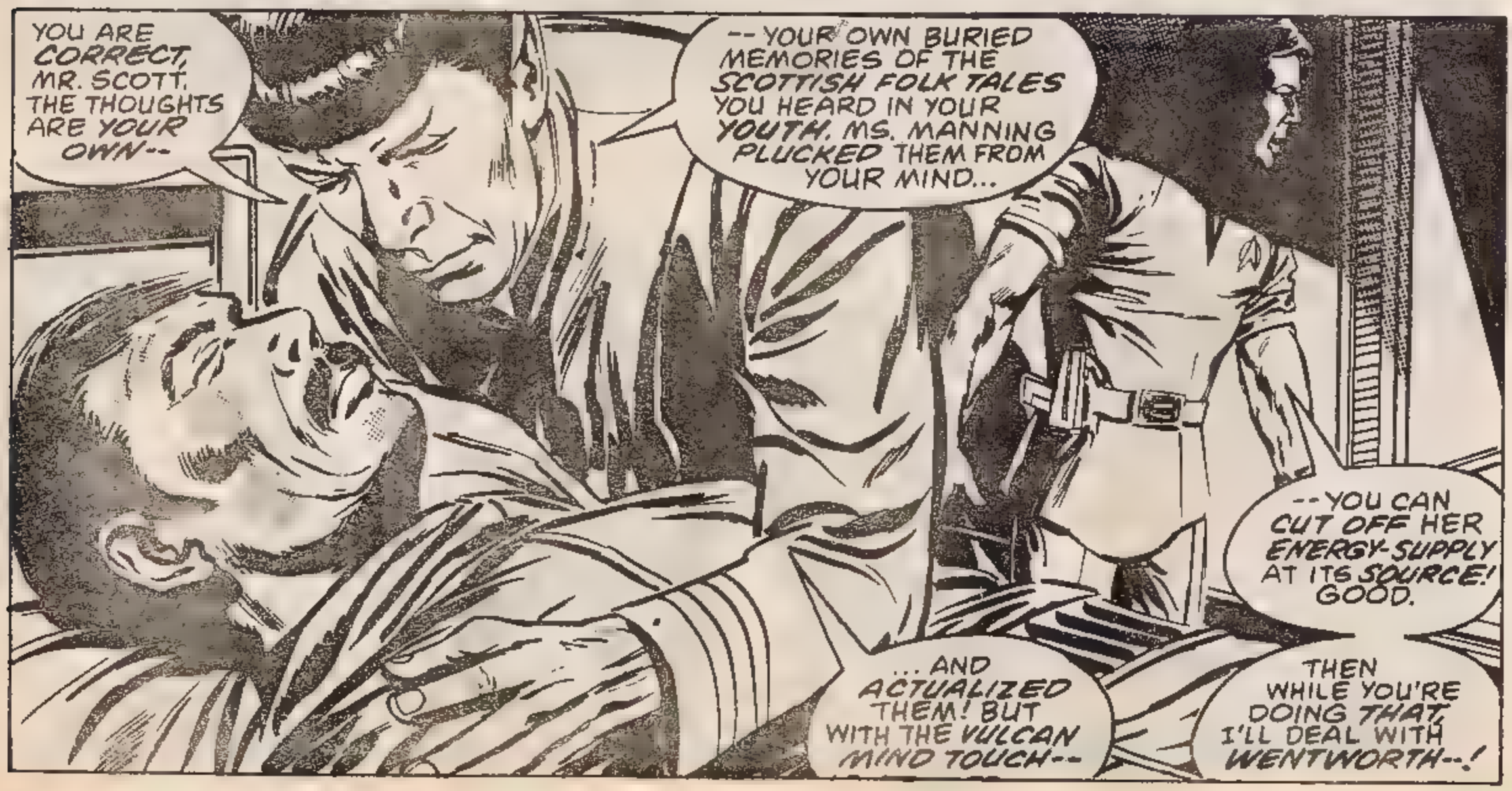
...FOR IF EVER THERE WAS A MAN WHO COULD ASPIRE TO GODLINESS...
...AND A WOMAN WHO COULD TURN THAT DREAM INTO A REALITY...
...WE ARE THEY!
LOST IN HIS MAD REVERIE, WENTWORTH HAS NOT NOTICED THAT CHEKOV HAS SURREPTITIOUSLY REOPENED THE CHANNEL TO THE MEDICAL COMPLEX...

...AND SO IS UNAWARE THAT HE HAS UNWITTINGLY CONFESSED HIS GRANDIOSE DESIGN TO KIRK AND THE OTHERS IN SICK BAY...
I'M AFRAID DR. WENTWORTH'S STATED MOTIVE IN IMPELLING THE CREW TO MUTINY IS QUITE IRRATIONAL.
IT WOULD APPEAR HE SUFFERS FROM A DEEP-SEATED PSYCHOSIS.

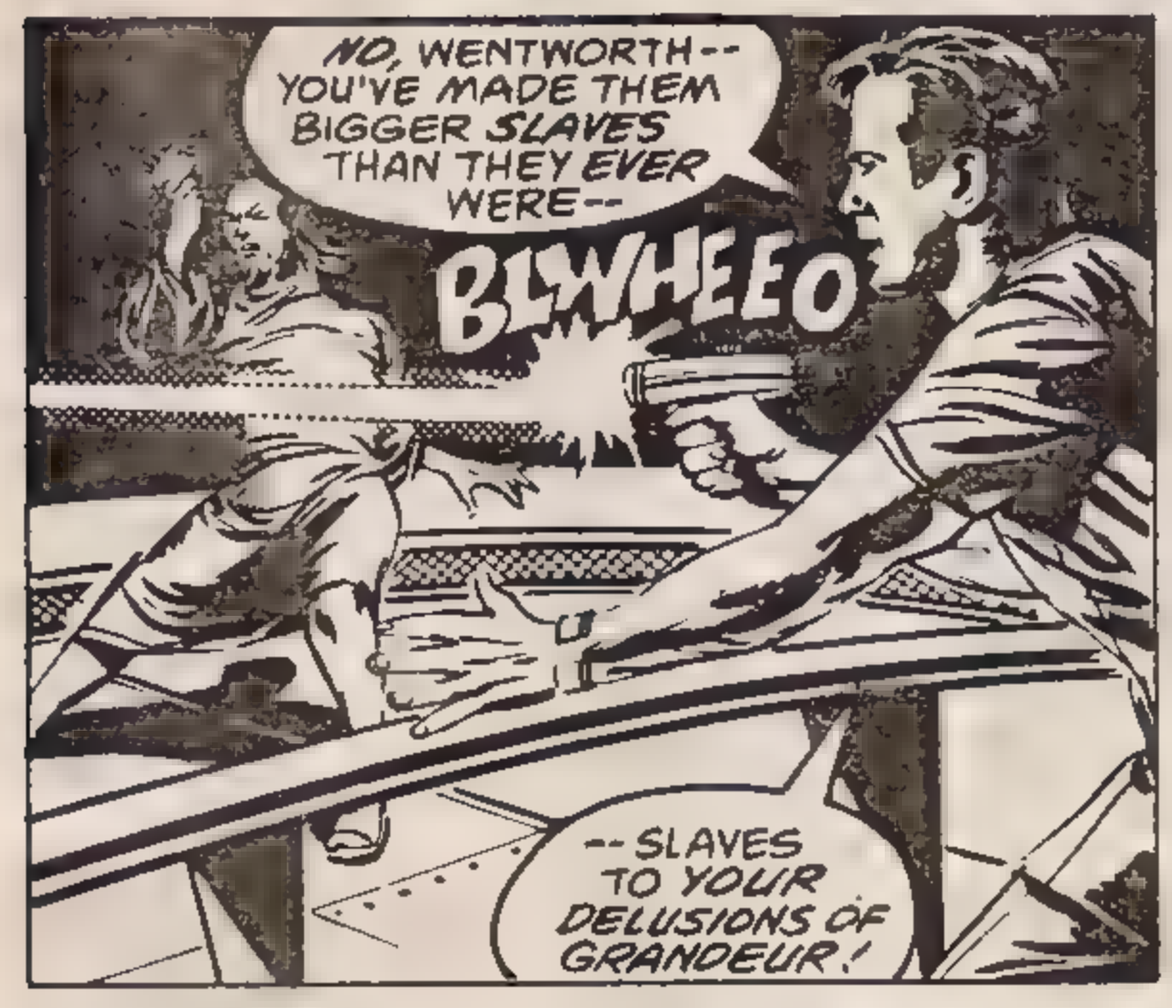

YES, SPOCK--MEGALOMANIA! BUT WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT ANDREA MANNING--
--GIVING ENERGY "THE APPEARANCE OF SOLID MATTER"--? THEN THAT'S WHY THE APPARITIONS REGISTERED AS ENERGY...
...MANNING REALLY IS CREATING THEM!

A LOGICAL HYPOTHESIS, CAPTAIN... BUT WHAT IS THE SOURCE OF THAT ENERGY?
THOUGHTS, SPOCK! WHAT ARE THOUGHTS, ANYWAY-- BUT ELECTRICAL IMPULSES... ENERGY?
OF COURSE... HENCE THE OTHER POWER WENTWORTH SPOKE OF--TURNING THE IMAGINARY INTO THE REAL!

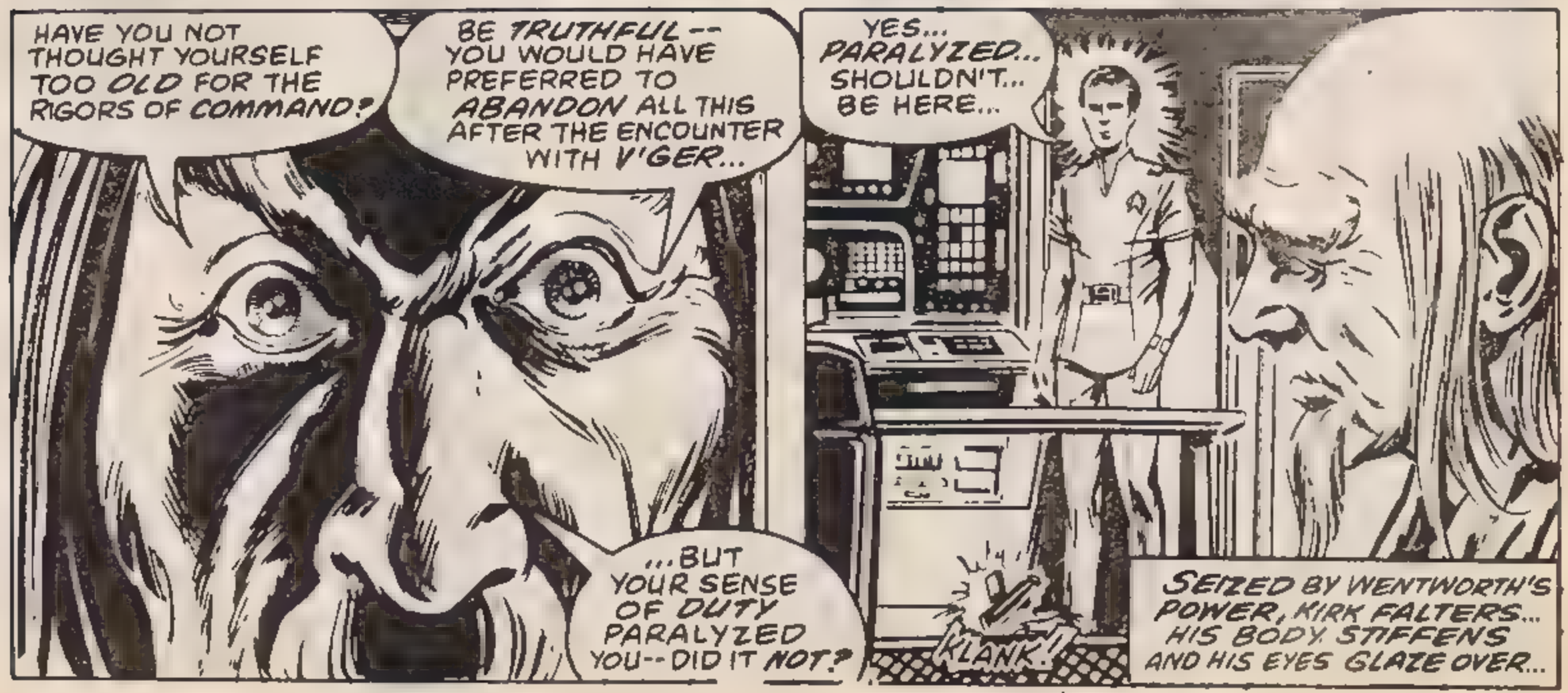
I DON'T GET IT. YOU'RE SAYING THAT BECAUSE SHE'S STILL BITTER OVER SCOTTY BREAKING THINGS OFF WITH HER, SHE'S DREAMING UP THESE HOBGOBLINS AND SIC-ING THEM ON HIM?
AYE, DOCTOR, SHE'S UNLEASHIN' 'EM ON ME... BUT 'TIS NAE ANDREA WHO'S DOIN' THE DREAMIN'--IS IT?


YOU ARE CORRECT, MR. SCOTT. THE THOUGHTS ARE YOUR OWN--
--YOUR OWN BURIED MEMORIES OF THE SCOTTISH FOLK TALES YOU HEARD IN YOUR YOUTH. MS. MANNING PLUCKED THEM FROM YOUR MIND...
...AND ACTUALIZED THEM! BUT WITH THE VULCAN MIND TOUCH--
--YOU CAN CUT OFF HER ENERGY-SUPPLY AT ITS SOURCE! GOOD.
THEN WHILE YOU'RE DOING THAT, I'LL DEAL WITH WENTWORTH--!

MY MIND TO YOUR MIND...
MY THOUGHTS TO YOUR THOUGHTS...
AND ON THE BRIDGE...
ALL RIGHT, WENTWORTH-- YOUR LITTLE COUP IS OVER!
I'M TAKING BACK MY SHIP!!
AH...CAPT. KIRK! I WAS HOPING YOU'D GRACE US WITH YOUR PRESENCE!
I WANTED TO TELL YOU PERSONALLY THAT THE SHIP IS NO LONGER YOURS!
I HAVE LIBERATED YOUR CREW! THEY WILL FOLLOW THEIR OWN FREE WILL NOW!


NO, WENTWORTH-- YOU'VE MADE THEM BIGGER SLAVES THAN THEY EVER WERE--
BLWHEEO
--SLAVES TO YOUR DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR!

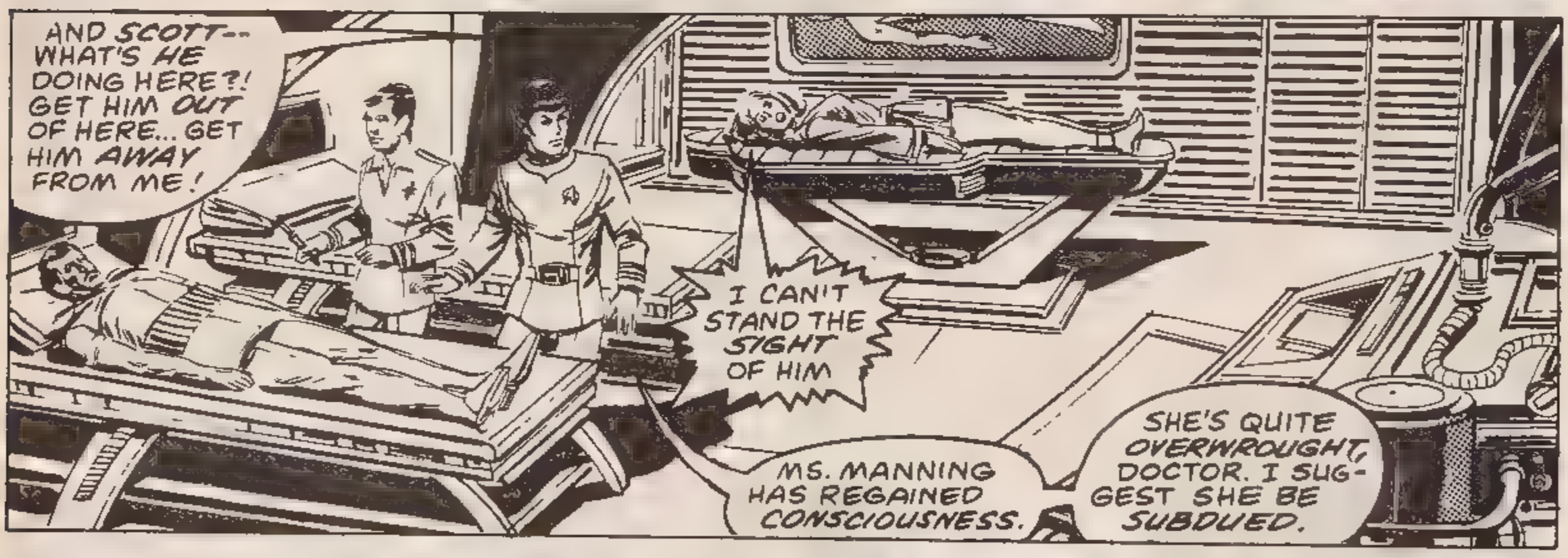
MY CREW WAS HERE BECAUSE THEY CHOSE TO BE... BECAUSE EXPLORING THE GALAXY AND KEEPING PEACE WITHIN IT WERE IMPORTANT GOALS TO THEM!
BUT DO YOU WANT TO BE HERE, KIRK? WAS YOUR LIFE NOT EASIER AS A DESK-BOUND ADMIRAL?


HAVE YOU NOT THOUGHT YOURSELF TOO OLD FOR THE RIGORS OF COMMAND?
BE TRUTHFUL-- YOU WOULD HAVE PREFERRED TO ABANDON ALL THIS AFTER THE ENCOUNTER WITH V'GER...
...BUT YOUR SENSE OF DUTY PARALYZED YOU--DID IT NOT?
YES... PARALYZED... SHOULDN'T... BE HERE...
KLANK!
SEIZED BY WENTWORTH'S POWER, KIRK FALTERS... HIS BODY STIFFENS AND HIS EYES GLAZE OVER...

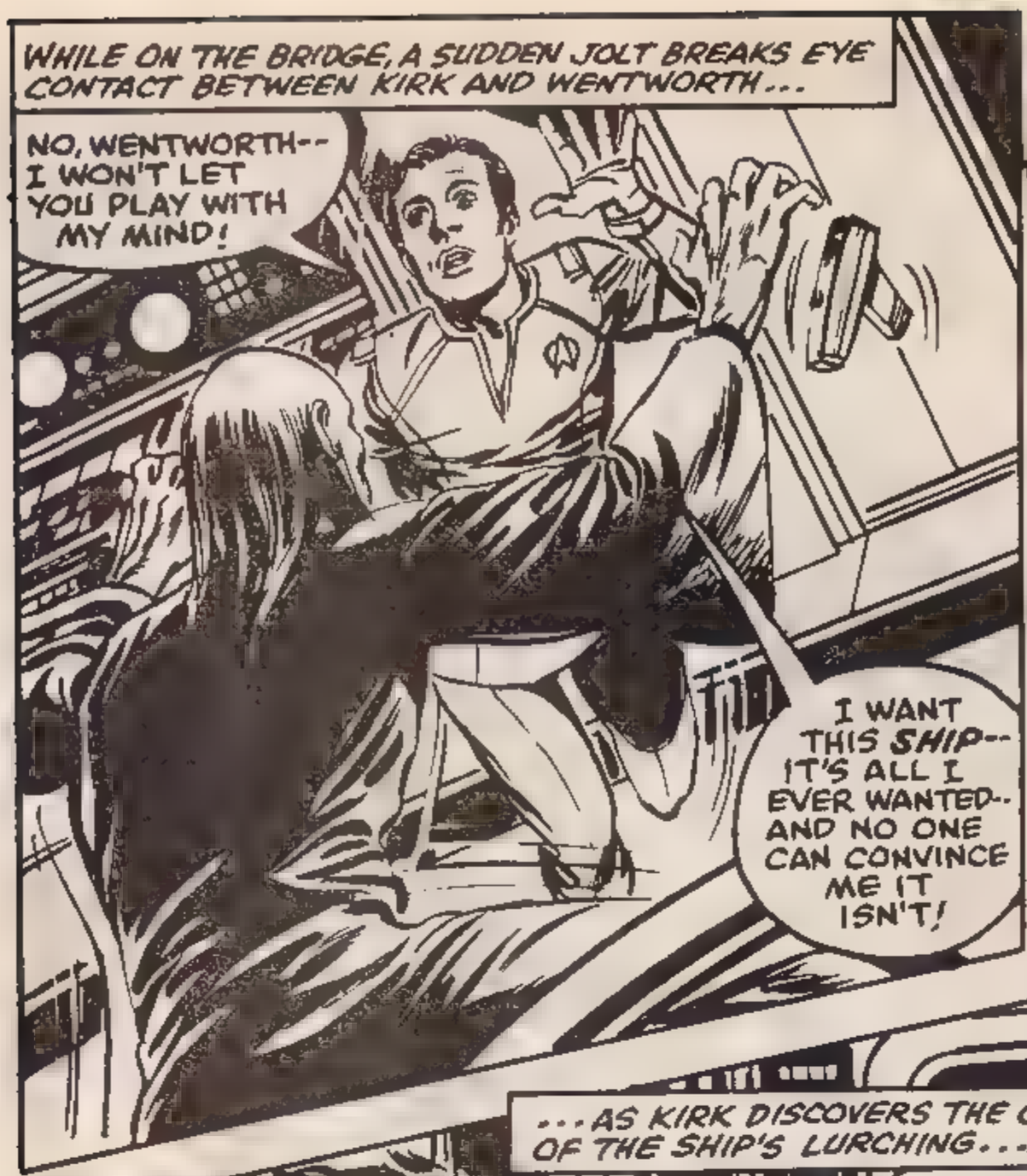
...WHILE IN SICK BAY, WHERE SPOCK HAS COMPLETED THE MIND TOUCH...
ALL RIGHT, SPOCK, I'VE ADMINISTERED THE QUADROTHORAZINE LIKE YOU ASKED. SCOTTY WILL BE OUT FOR AT LEAST 12 HOURS.
I JUST HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING.

I WOULD ESTIMATE AN 84.2% PROBABILITY THAT THIS COURSE OF ACTION WILL CORRECT THE PROBLEM.
I HAVE ERASED ALL RECOLLECTION OF MONSTROSITIES IN ANCIENT SCOTTISH FOLKLORE FROM MR. SCOTT'S MIND.
BY DOING SO... AND BY RENDERING MR. SCOTT UNCONSCIOUS..

...WE HAVE VIRTUALLY PREVENTED MS. MANNING FROM USING ANY OF MR. SCOTT'S OWN THOUGHTS AS INSTRUMENTS OF REVENGE.
WHERE AM I? WHAT HAPPENED TO ME?


AND SCOTT-- WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?! GET HIM OUT OF HERE... GET HIM AWAY FROM ME!
I CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF HIM
MS. MANNING HAS REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS.
SHE'S QUITE OVERWROUGHT, DOCTOR. I SUGGEST SHE BE SUBDUED.

SUDDENLY--THE SHIP IS VIOLENTLY ROCKED BY SOME UNKNOWN FORCE STRIKING ITS HULL...
GOOD LORD! NOW WHAT'S GOING ON--?
WHAT THE DEVIL IS JIM DOING UP THERE?!

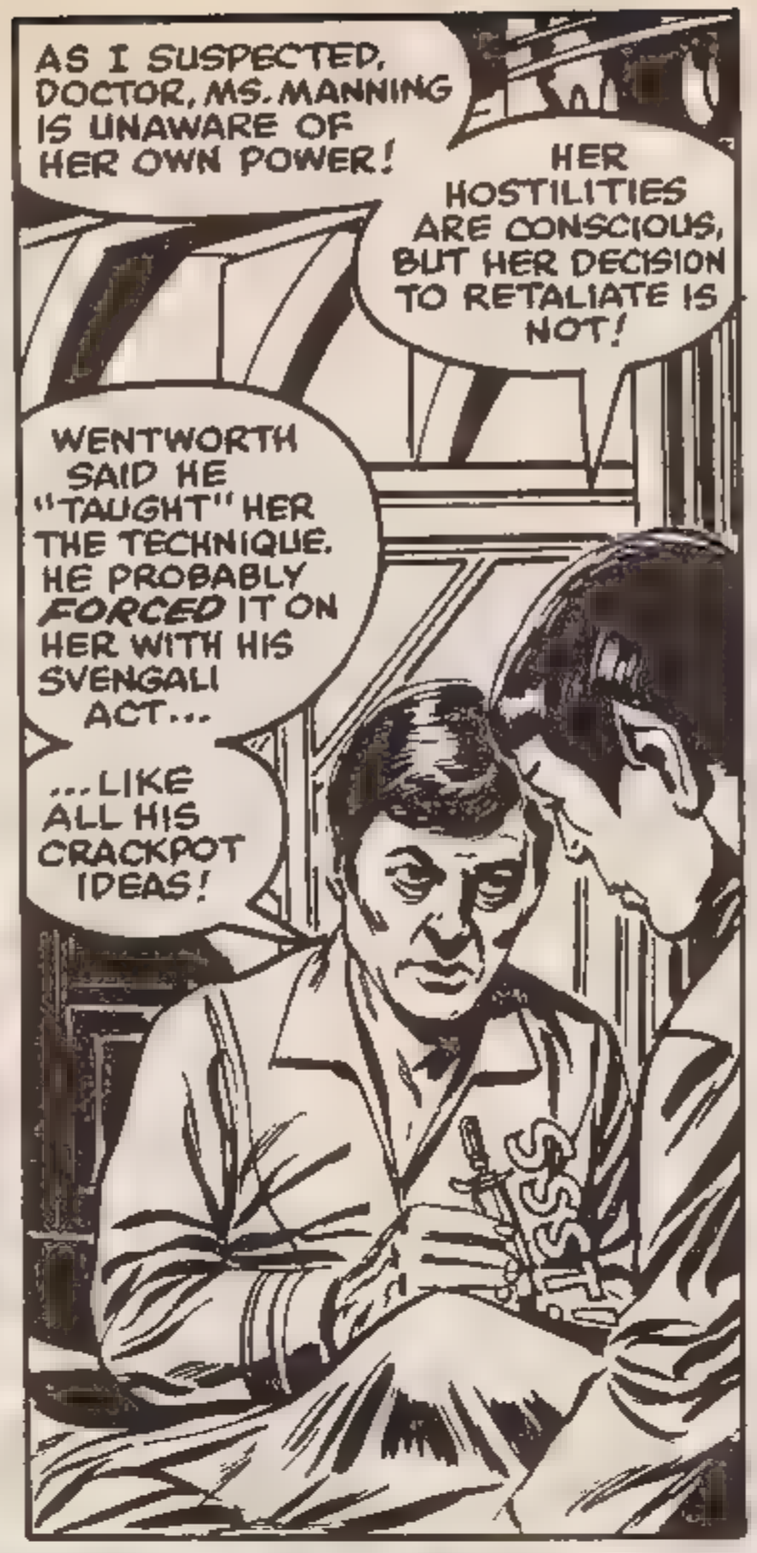

WHILE ON THE BRIDGE, A SUDDEN JOLT BREAKS EYE CONTACT BETWEEN KIRK AND WENTWORTH...
NO, WENTWORTH-- I WON'T LET YOU PLAY WITH MY MIND!
I WANT THIS SHIP-- IT'S ALL I EVER WANTED-- AND NO ONE CAN CONVINCE ME IT ISN'T!

YES, WE LIVE BY COMMANDS AND SACRIFICES -- BUT WILLINGLY...
...BECAUSE WITHOUT ORDER AND DISCIPLINE AMONG US, THIS SHIP COULDN'T SURVIVE IN SPACE! AND ABOARD THIS SHIP, IN SPACE--
--IS WHERE WE NEED TO BE!
BAFF!
WENTWORTH HITS THE DECK, UNCONSCIOUS...

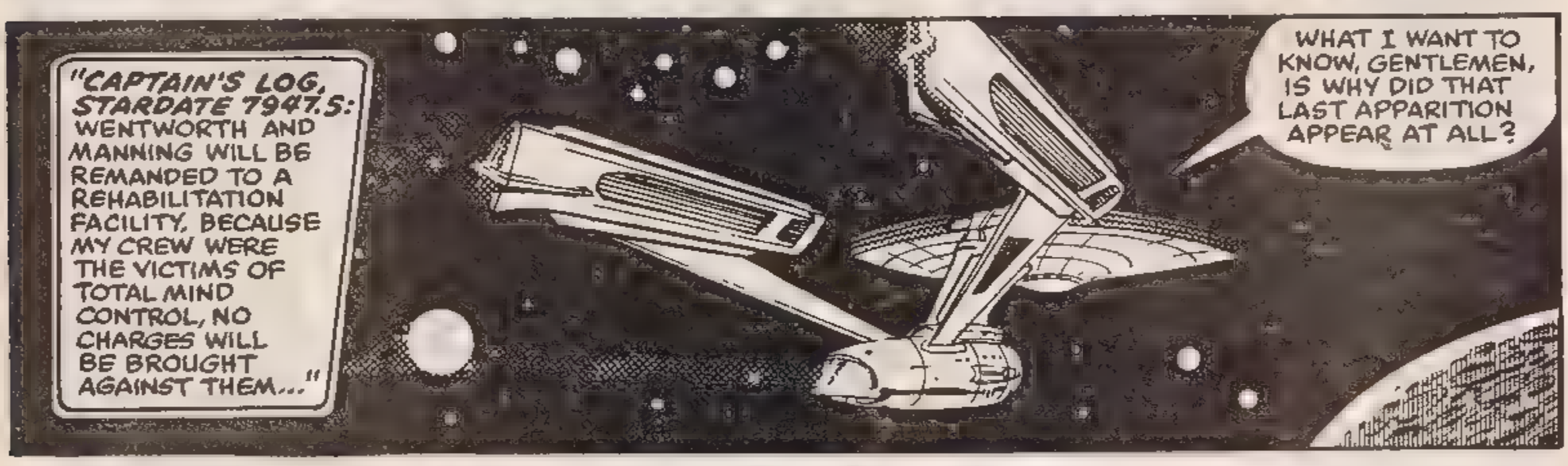
...AS KIRK DISCOVERS THE CAUSE OF THE SHIP'S LURCHING...
CAPTAIN! LOOK!
SOME ALIEN CREATURE WRAPPING ITSELF AROUND THE SHIP!
NOT AN ALIEN, DIFALCO -- ANOTHER SCOTTISH "TRADITION"...THAT MUCH I REMEMBER FROM OLD EARTH HISTORY!

KIRK TO SICK BAY-- BONES! SPOCK! WE'VE GOT ANOTHER MANIFESTATION!
WE'RE UNDER ATTACK FROM THE LOCH NESS MONSTER!

WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING DOWN THERE, IT ISN'T WORKING!
YOU'VE GOTTA STOP THIS, ANDREA! YOU'LL KILL US ALL!
STOP WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?


AS I SUSPECTED, DOCTOR, MS. MANNING IS UNAWARE OF HER OWN POWER!
HER HOSTILITIES ARE CONSCIOUS, BUT HER DECISION TO RETALIATE IS NOT!
WENTWORTH SAID HE "TAUGHT" HER THE TECHNIQUE. HE PROBABLY FORCED IT ON HER WITH HIS SVENGALI ACT...
...LIKE ALL HIS CRACKPOT IDEAS!

JIM, WE'VE SEDATED MANNING! SHE'S GOING UNDER NOW!
THAT OUGHTA DO IT!
GOOD WORK, BONES -- THE MONSTER'S DISAPPEARING!


"CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 7947.5: WENTWORTH AND MANNING WILL BE REMANDED TO A REHABILITATION FACILITY, BECAUSE MY CREW WERE THE VICTIMS OF TOTAL MIND CONTROL, NO CHARGES WILL BE BROUGHT AGAINST THEM..."
WHAT I WANT TO KNOW, GENTLEMEN, IS WHY DID THAT LAST APPARITION APPEAR AT ALL?

I ELIMINATED MR. SCOTT'S MEMORIES OF HIS NATIVE FOLKLORE BY DRAWING THEM FROM HIS MIND INTO MY OWN!
I MOMENTARILY FAILED TO REALIZE, HOWEVER...
...THAT MS. MANNING COULD TAP THE IMAGE OF THE MONSTER IN MY MIND JUST AS EASILY!

IT'S NICE KNOWING EVEN YOU CAN MAKE MISTAKES, SPOCK. MAKES YOU SEEM MORE HUMAN!
IN THAT CASE, DOCTOR...

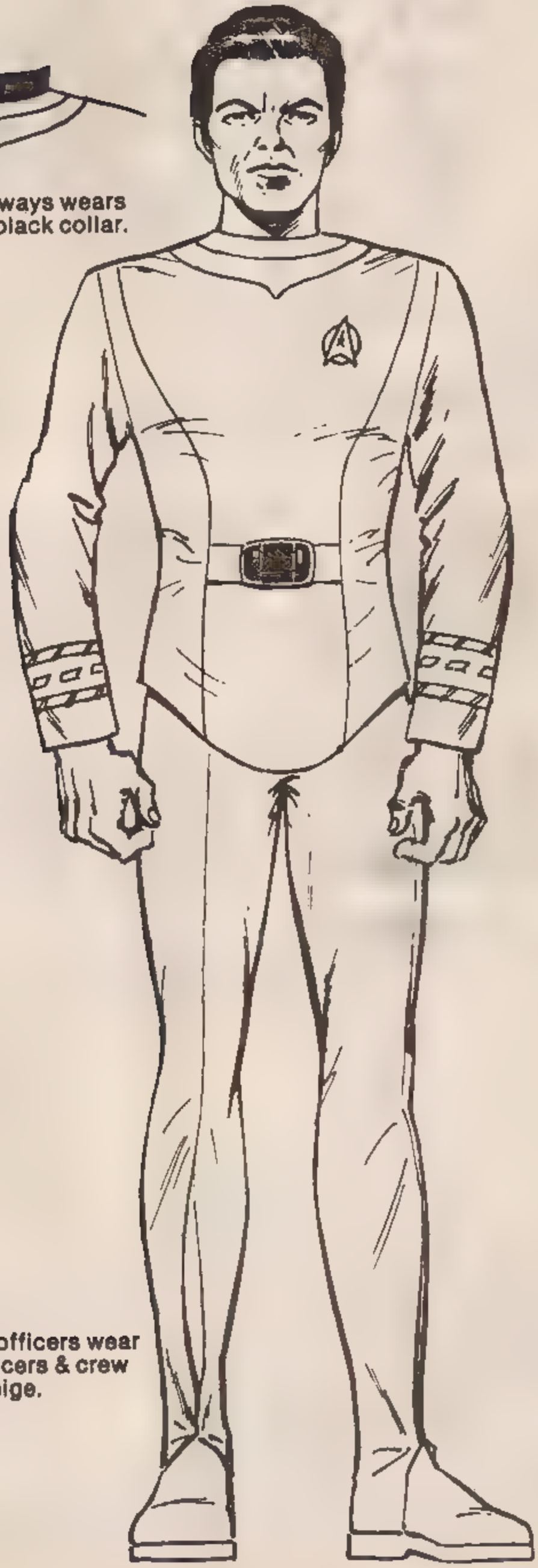
...IN THE FUTURE, I SHALL ALLOW MYSELF NO MARGIN FOR ERROR, WHATSOEVER!
STEADY AS SHE GOES, MR. SULU...

From the Files of

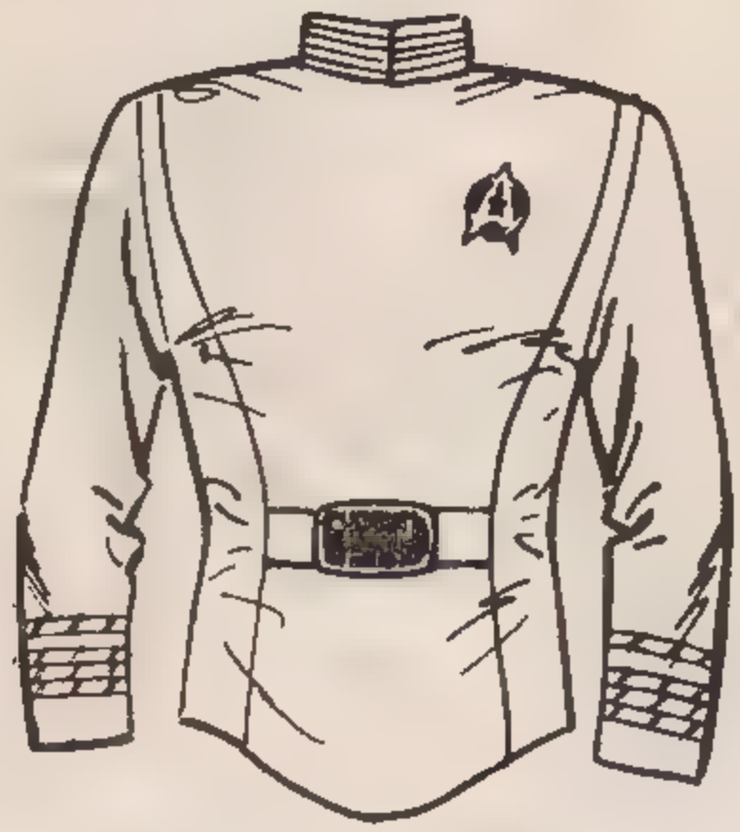
# STARFLEET COMMAND HEADQUARTERS

**CLASS-A UNIFORM** —Worn when VIPs are aboard, and for ceremonial functions.

Cdr. Spock always wears Class-A with black collar.



Command level officers wear grey. Lower officers & crew wear beige.



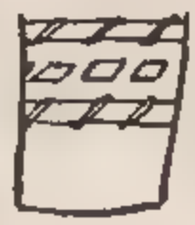
Admiral's two-color Class-A uniform & gold insignia

ENSIGN

LIEUTENANT

LT. COMMANDER

COMMANDER



CAPTAIN

COMMODORE*

REAR ADMIRAL

VICE ADMIRAL

ADMIRAL

**ADMIRAL OF THE STAR FLEET**
(only one admiral holds this rank at any given time.)

***Commodore:** An honorary title; usually the senior Captain in an organization — a Captain who performs the duties of an Admiral.*

From the Files of

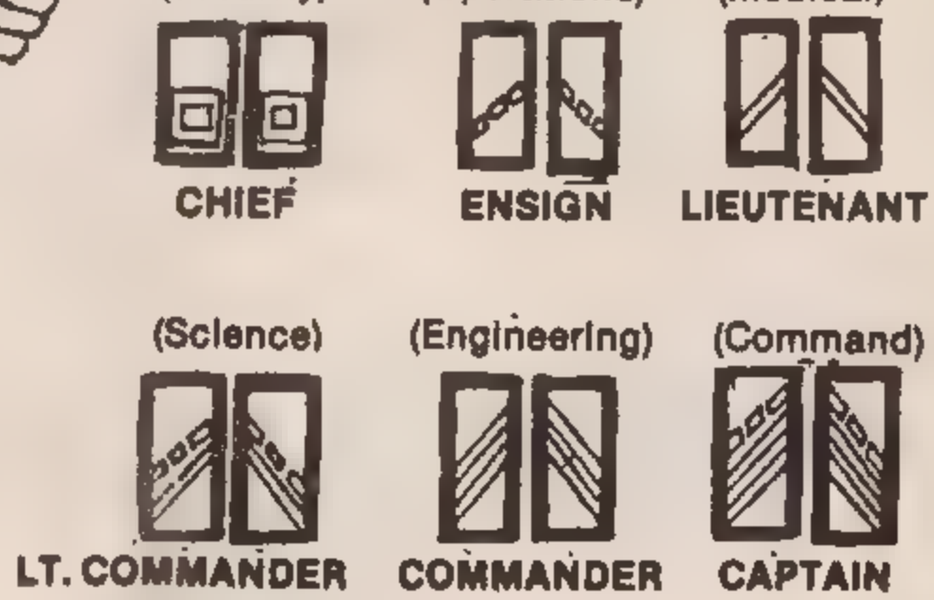
# STARFLEET COMMAND HEADQUARTERS

**CLASS-B UNIFORMS** — Less Formal than Class-A, worn on ship daily. Class-B has long or short sleeves, and three colors; shoulder tabs show rank.

Command level: White shirt, gray pants.

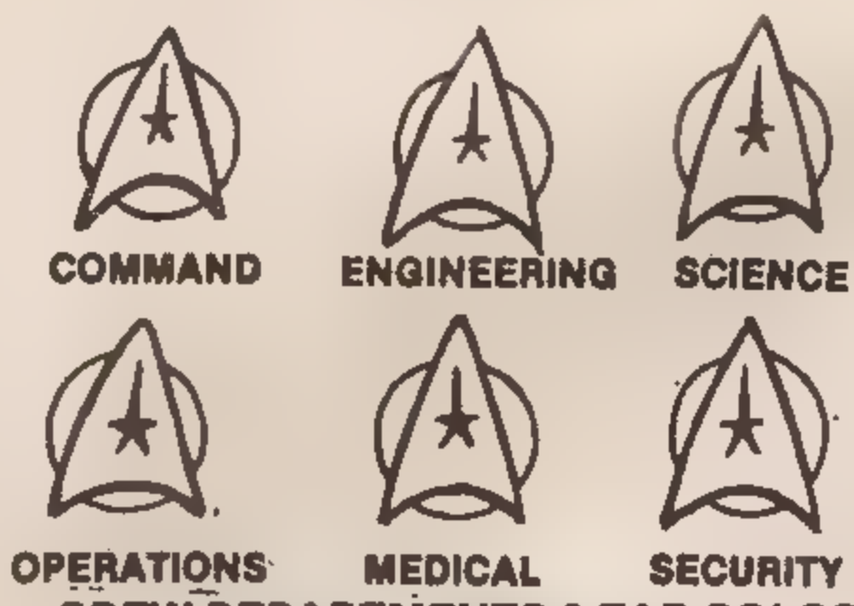
Lower officers: Beige.
Enlisted Ranks: Light & dark brown.

**SHOULDER TAB RANKS & DEPARTMENTS:**




Enlisted Personnel wear shoulder tabs also, but there is no reference on insignia.

**STARFLEET INSIGNIA**




**CREW DEPARTMENTS & TAB COLORS:**

COMMAND — White (Kirk);
SCIENCE — Orange (Spock);
ENGINEERING — Red (Scott, Rand, Cleary);
OPERATIONS — Pale Gold (Sulu, Uhura, DiFalco);
SECURITY — Grey (Chekov);
MEDICAL — Green (McCoy, Chapel).
On Starfleet Insignia, color is indicated in circle below insignia.

# STAR TREK™

ALAN BRENNERT PLOTTER | MARTIN PASKO SCRIPTER | LUKE McDONNELL & TOM PALMER ARTISTS | JOE ROSEN LETTERER | LOUISE JONES EDITOR | JIM SHOOTER EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

## "ECLIPSE OF REASON"

"I HAVE COME ABOARD THE RECENTLY RE-COMMISSIONED ICARUS TO SUPERVISE PREPARATIONS FOR WARP-OUT..."

I SUPPOSE CONGRATULATIONS ARE IN ORDER, *COMMANDER*-- ON YOUR PROMOTION, I MEAN...

...AND ON THIS ASSIGNMENT! BUT IT'S NOT GOING TO BE EASY BEING THE ONLY HUMAN ABOARD THE *ICARUS!*

I *VOLUNTEERED* FOR THIS MISSION, CAPTAIN-- TO BE WITH KADAN...

...AND THAT'S ALL THAT'S IMPORTANT TO ME!

WE BEAMED ABOARD TO HELP, DR. McCOY, BUT HOW CAN WE? *I* KNOW NOTHING ABOUT PHAETONIAN ANATOMY!

THERE IS NO PHAETONIAN *ANATOMY*, CHRISTINE -- SO THESE *NO-BODIES* WON'T NEED A SICK BAY! BUT JANICE *WILL*, SOME DAY...

...AND THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE!

JIM, WE'LL HAVE TAKEN INVENTORY OF THE MEDICAL SUPPLIES AND RUN A SYSTEMS CHECK ON THE EQUIPMENT BY 1700 HOURS, RAND--?

I'LL BE IN THE MED-COMPLEX SHORTLY, SIR.

WARP SIMULATION ON TH' FLOW-SENSORS UNDER WAY, CAP'N -- AN' MY MEN ARE COMPLETIN' THE LAST O' TH' HOOK-UPS NOW.

GOOD, SCOTTY. MR. CHEKOV--?

ALL VEAPONS / DEFENSE SEESTEMS FULLY OPERATIONAL, KEPTIN.

HELM READY, CAPTAIN.

GALACTIC DEPARTURE ON PLOT, SIR.

ACKNOWLEDGED. PRE-WARP COUNTDOWN WILL BEGIN IN 30 MINUTES. WE'LL RETURN TO THE ENTERPRISE THEN.

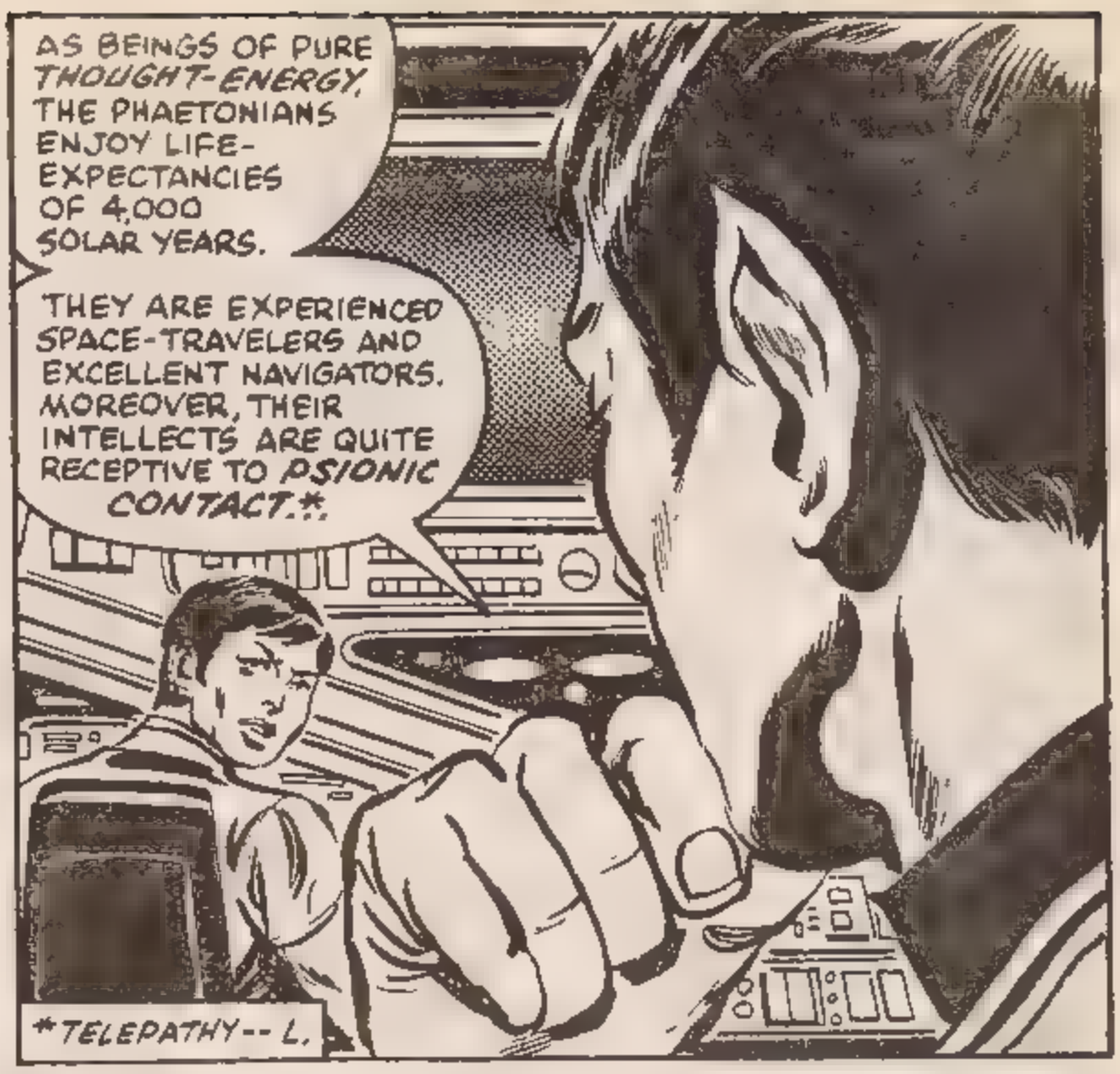
*MEANWHILE, ON THE ENTERPRISE BRIDGE...*

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE RAND'S GOING THROUGH WITH THIS--!

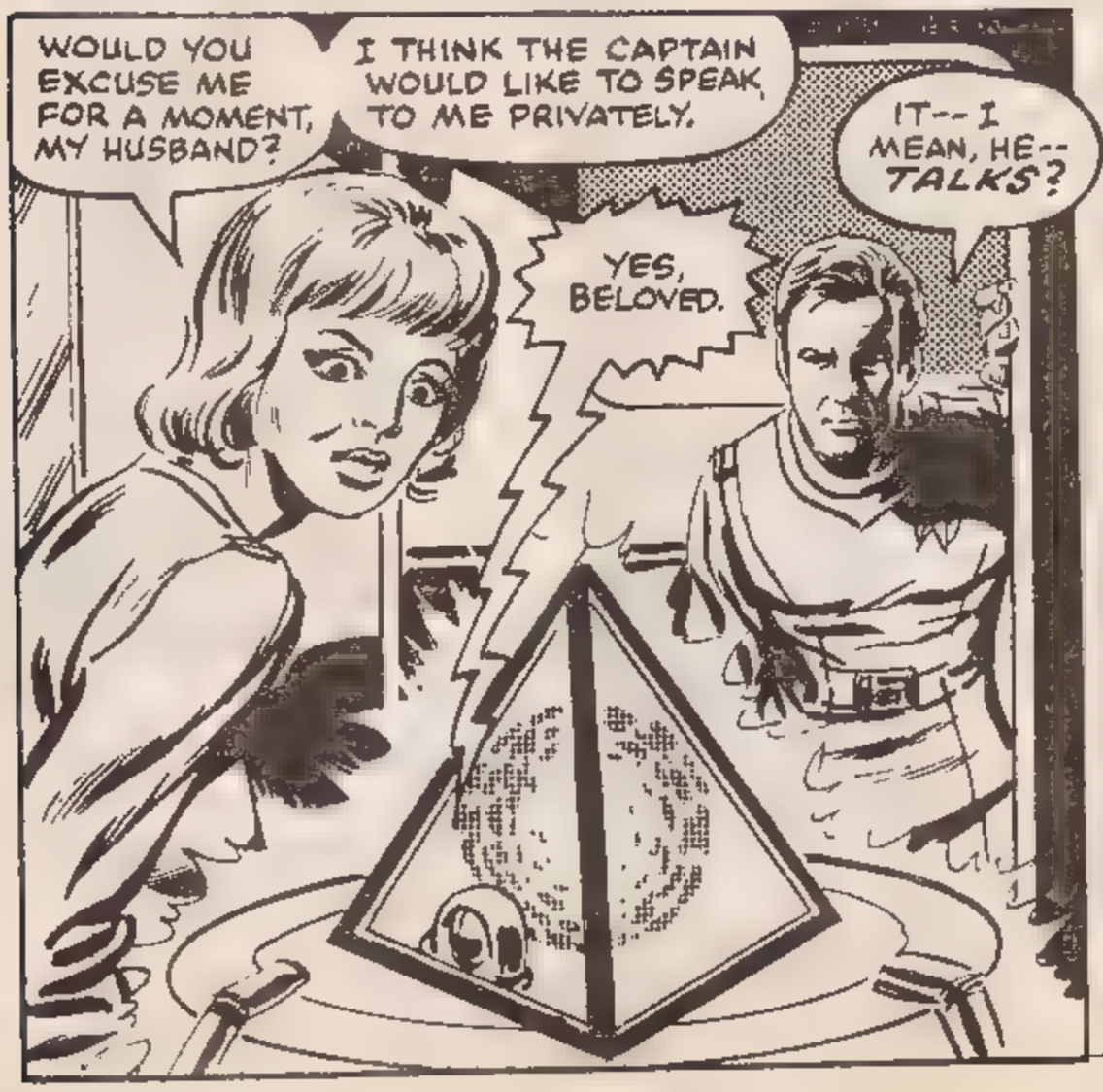
IS IT TRUE SHE'LL BE IN SPACE THE REST OF HER LIFE...AND NEVER SEE ANOTHER HUMAN BEING AGAIN?

UH-HUH...THE ICARUS WON'T BE BACK IN THIS GALAXY FOR 1,000 SOLAR YEARS--

--IF SHE EVER RETURNS AT ALL! I BET EVEN YOU WOULD HAVE A HARD TIME HANDLING THAT IDEA, EH, MR. SPOCK?
ON THE CONTRARY, MR. SULU -- I SUSPECT I MIGHT FIND THE COMPANY OF THE PHAETONIANS STIMULATING.
THEY ARE, AFTER ALL, A MORE HIGHLY-DEVELOPED LIFE-FORM...
...HAVING LONG SINCE EVOLVED BEYOND THE NEED FOR PHYSICAL BODIES.


AS BEINGS OF PURE THOUGHT-ENERGY, THE PHAETONIANS ENJOY LIFE-EXPECTANCIES OF 4,000 SOLAR YEARS.
THEY ARE EXPERIENCED SPACE-TRAVELERS AND EXCELLENT NAVIGATORS. MOREOVER, THEIR INTELLECTS ARE QUITE RECEPTIVE TO PSIONIC CONTACT.*.
*TELEPATHY -- L.

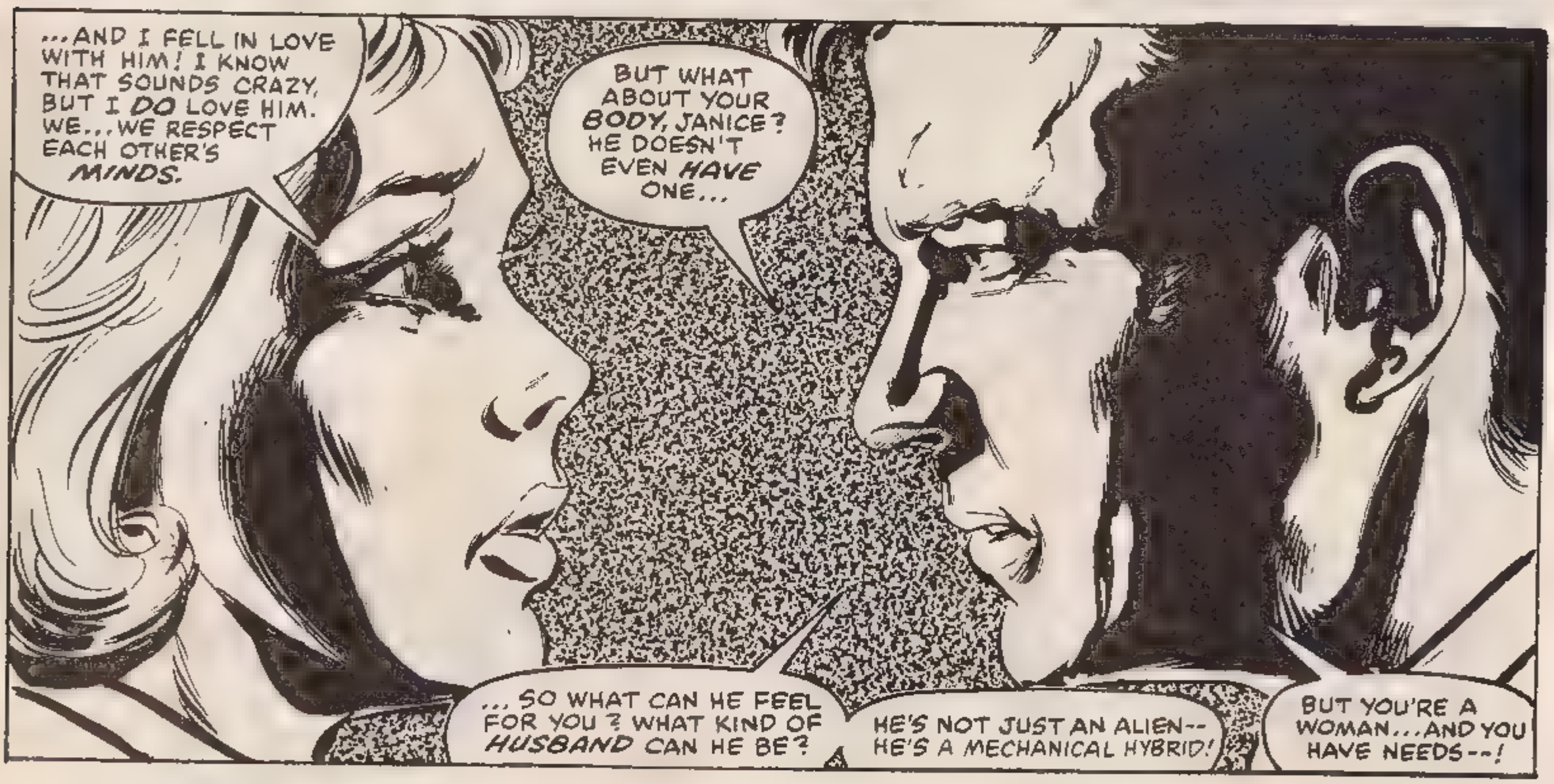
"...ALL OF WHICH MAKES THEM EMINENTLY SUITED TO 'MAN' THE PROBE..."
CAPTAIN KIRK -- MEET THE ICARUS BRIDGE-CREW!
"INDEED, I MUST CONFESS TO A FEELING AKIN TO ENVY TOWARD THE 100 PHAETONIANS WHO WILL COMPRISE THE ICARUS CREW -- AND WHOSE MINDS WILL BE LINKED DIRECTLY TO HER COMPUTERS! A FASCINATING CONCEPT -- THEY WILL, IN EFFECT, HAVE FORMED A LIVING, THINKING STARSHIP!"

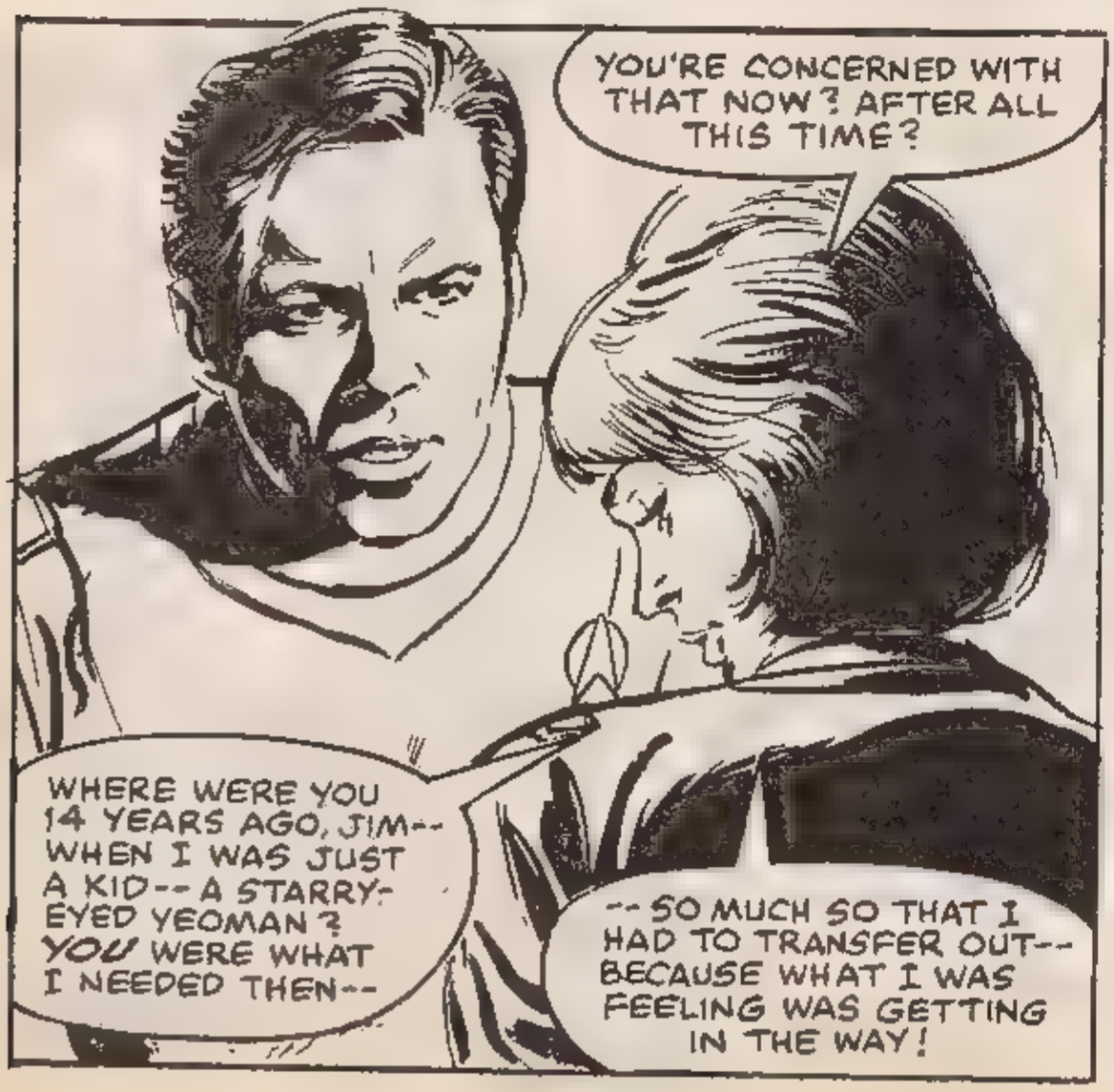

WOULD YOU EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT, MY HUSBAND?
I THINK THE CAPTAIN WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO ME PRIVATELY.
YES, BELOVED.
IT -- I MEAN, HE -- TALKS?

YES -- THROUGH A THOUGHT-TRANSLATING DEVICE.
PHAETONIANS ARE PSI-SENSITIVE, BUT THEY'RE NOT ACTUAL TELEPATHS.
JANICE, LET'S GET RIGHT TO THE POINT --
ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS? IT'S SO... SO...

SO IRREVOCABLE? YES, IT'S THAT...AND I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO UNDERSTAND--
HOW CAN I?
YOU TAKE A TWO-MONTH LEAVE AND COME BACK MARRIED...TO AN ALIEN--?

HE'S A CAPTAIN LIKE YOURSELF, JIM--ON A PHAETONIAN EXPLORATORY VESSEL!
WE MET ON STAR-BASE 12...


...AND I FELL IN LOVE WITH HIM! I KNOW THAT SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT I DO LOVE HIM. WE...WE RESPECT EACH OTHER'S MINDS.
BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR BODY, JANICE? HE DOESN'T EVEN HAVE ONE...
...SO WHAT CAN HE FEEL FOR YOU? WHAT KIND OF HUSBAND CAN HE BE?
HE'S NOT JUST AN ALIEN--HE'S A MECHANICAL HYBRID!
BUT YOU'RE A WOMAN...AND YOU HAVE NEEDS--!


YOU'RE CONCERNED WITH THAT NOW? AFTER ALL THIS TIME?
WHERE WERE YOU 14 YEARS AGO, JIM--WHEN I WAS JUST A KID--A STARRY-EYED YEOMAN? YOU WERE WHAT I NEEDED THEN--
--SO MUCH SO THAT I HAD TO TRANSFER OUT--BECAUSE WHAT I WAS FEELING WAS GETTING IN THE WAY!

AND I DIDN'T LET MYSELF COME BACK TO THE ENTERPRISE UNTIL I THOUGHT I'D GROWN UP--AND I HAVE!
THE ENTERPRISE WAS ALL YOU EVER NEEDED...
...BUT I'VE FOUND SOMETHING ELSE--THE NEED TO BE NEEDED!

AND I AM NEEDED, JIM!

TIED INTO THE COMPUTERS, THE PHAETONIANS WILL BE ABLE TO RUN THE SHIP-- EVENTUALLY...

...BUT THE SHIP WAS DESIGNED FOR A *HUMANOID* CREW-- SO KADAN AND HIS PEOPLE NEED MY *HUMAN* EYES AND EARS TO HELP THEM ADJUST!

AND BY THE TIME I'M DEAD, THEY'LL BE ABLE TO CARRY ON WITHOUT ME!

BEFORE THEN, I'LL HAVE *RECORDED* WHATEVER WE FIND BEYOND THAT ENERGY BARRIER AT THE EDGE OF THE GALAXY-- FROM A HUMAN PERSPECTIVE!

JIM, DON'T YOU SEE? I'M A PIONEER ON THE ULTIMATE FRONTIER!

I'M FAR MORE VALUABLE HERE THAN I COULD EVER BE TO THE *ENTERPRISE!*

THIS IS THE ONE CHANCE I'LL EVER HAVE TO REALLY DO SOMETHING MEANINGFUL WITH MY LIFE!

PLEASE-- LET ME *HAVE* THAT CHANCE... WITH YOUR BLESSING!

YOU'RE SO... SURE OF YOURSELF, I FEEL AS IF I'M REALLY SEEING WHO YOU ARE FOR THE FIRST TIME.

I WON'T STAND IN YOUR WAY, JANICE.

BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR...

...BUT IT'S TIME FOR *CAPTAIN KADAN* TO BE TIED INTO THE NAVIGATIONAL COMPUTER.

AND DR. McCOY MUST BRIEF ME ON HOW TO OPERATE THE MEDICAL EQUIPMENT.

GOODBYE, JIM.

"*CAPTAIN'S LOG-- SUPPLEMENTAL:* MY CREW AND I HAVE RETURNED TO THE *ENTERPRISE*... AND THE *ICARUS* IS NOW ON A BEARING FOR THE ENERGY-BARRIER AT A SPEED OF WARP 12..."

GOODBYE, JANICE... AND GODSPEED.

"WE ARE PROCEEDING TO OUR NEXT ASSIGNMENT IMMEDIATELY..."

MR. BILLINGS, LAY IN A COURSE FOR THE PLANET CYTHERIUS IN THE DURAN SYSTEM.

AHEAD WARP FACTOR 8 MR. SULU.

AYE-AYE SIR.

MEANWHILE...

SHIP'S LOG-STARDATE UNKNOWN-LT. COMMANDER JANICE RAND RECORDING. CONTACT WITH ENERGY BARRIER IN 20 SECONDS.

ONLY TWO OTHER STARSHIPS -- THE *VALIANT* AND THE *ENTERPRISE*--

--HAVE PENETRATED THIS BARRIER. IN EACH CASE, THE CONTACT PRODUCED EXTREME *SENSORY DISTORTION* IN THE HUMAN CREWS.

THE PHAETONIANS' SUPERIOR MENTAL DISCIPLINE, HOWEVER, MAKES THEM--

AAARGH

*SUDDENLY-- AS THE ICARUS PENETRATES THE MYSTERIOUS ENERGY-FIELD-- THE ENTIRE BRIDGE IS SUFFUSED WITH HARD, WHITE LIGHT...*

*...AS THE PHAETONIANS IN THEIR GLASS PYRAMIDS GLOW LIKE MINIATURE SUNS AND--A FIERY BOLT OF AGONY LANCES THROUGH JANICE RAND'S SKULL!*

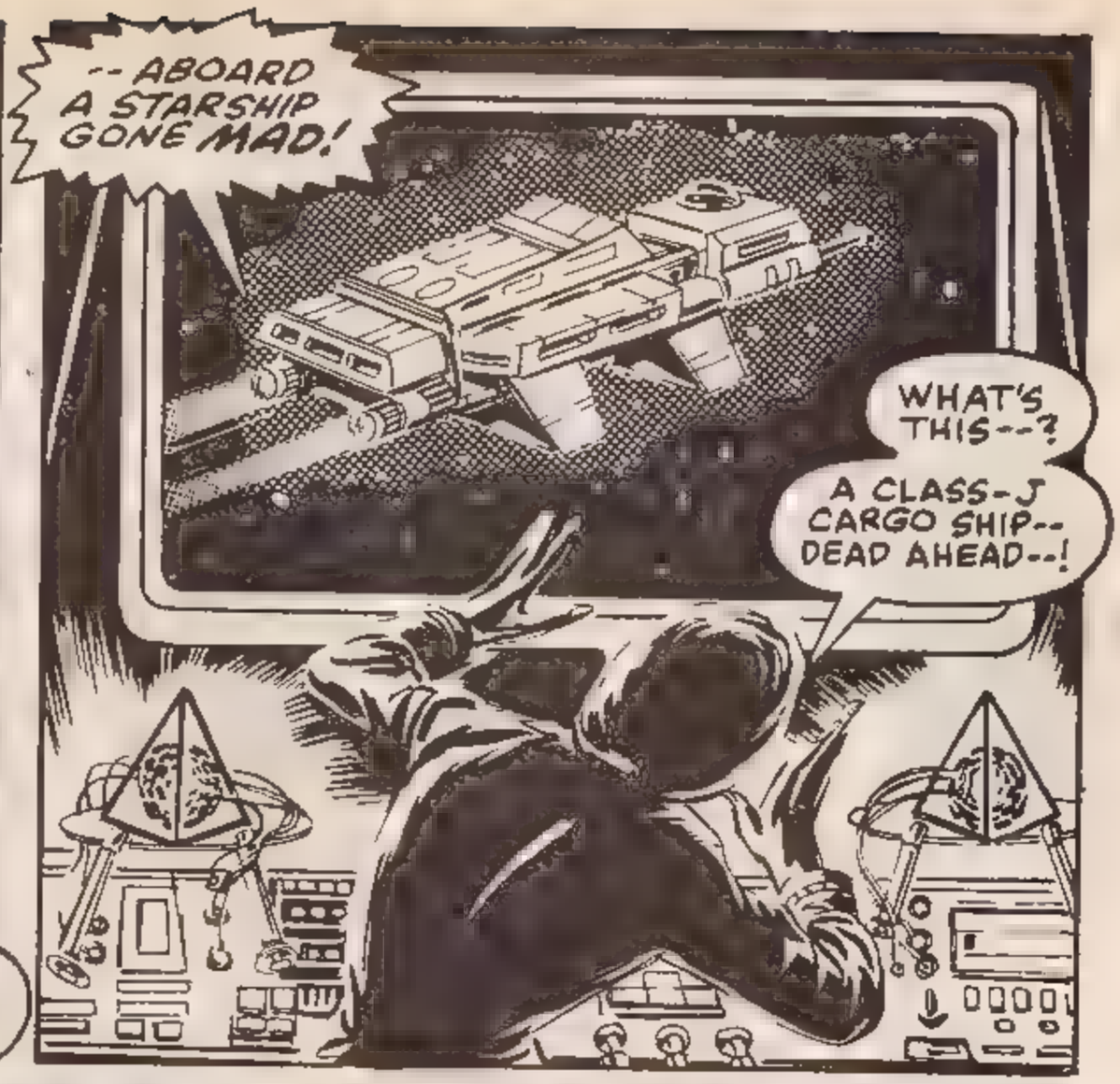
*THEN, LIKE THAT OF HER FABLED NAMESAKE WHO CLIMBED TOO NEAR THE SUN, THE FLIGHT OF THE ICARUS IS CUT SHORT...*

*...AS-- SEEMINGLY OUT OF CONTROL--SHE PLUNGES BACK THROUGH THE BARRIER AND INTO THE CHARTED GALAXY ONCE MORE!*

AND ON THE BRIDGE...
CAN WHAT IS HA CANNOT CO LP HEL US WE WHERE ARE WE? HELP
MY HEAD-- FEELS LIKE IT'S...COMING APART!
PHAETONIANS... ALL SCREAMING AT ONCE... DEAFENING--!
NO...WAIT--SOUNDS... NOT COMING FROM TRANSLATORS--!
THEY'RE... THEY'RE INSIDE MY HEAD!
NOT SOUNDS AT ALL--THEY'RE DISJOINTED THOUGHTS--!
CONTACT WITH BARRIER... ALTERED MY MIND SOMEHOW --MADE ME...
TELEPATHIC--!?!
MAYBE KADAN CAN EXPLAIN THIS--!
BUT WHEN SHE APPROACHES THE ENERGY-BEING...
...SHE IS STRUCK BY AN ONSLAUGHT OF OVERPOWERING RADIANT THOUGHT-- SO INTENSE AND HOSTILE SHE RECOILS AS IF SHE'D COLLIDED WITH AN INVISIBLE WALL!
GAAAHH
AND THEN SHE SEES... KADAN!
HE IS THERE ONLY IN HER MIND'S EYE-- AS HE SEES HIMSELF...
...IN THE ANCIENT FORM HIS RACE EVOLVED FROM AEONS AGO!
THE TELEPATHIC MESSAGE FROM KADAN COMES AS A SCREAM OF MINDLESS RAGE--AND THAT'S WHEN JANICE RAND REALIZES, WITH MOUNTING HORROR:
HE'S INSANE--! BY ALL THAT'S HOLY--
KADAN HAS GONE MAD!!

IT WAS THE SENSORY-DISTORTION EFFECT! THEY COULDN'T HANDLE IT!
AS LONG AS THEY'RE LINKED TO ALL THE SHIP'S COMPUTERS, THEY MIGHT AS WELL BE THIS SHIP!

IT DROVE KADAN-- AND ALL THE PHAETONIANS-- CRAZY!
WHICH MEANS I'M TRAPPED--

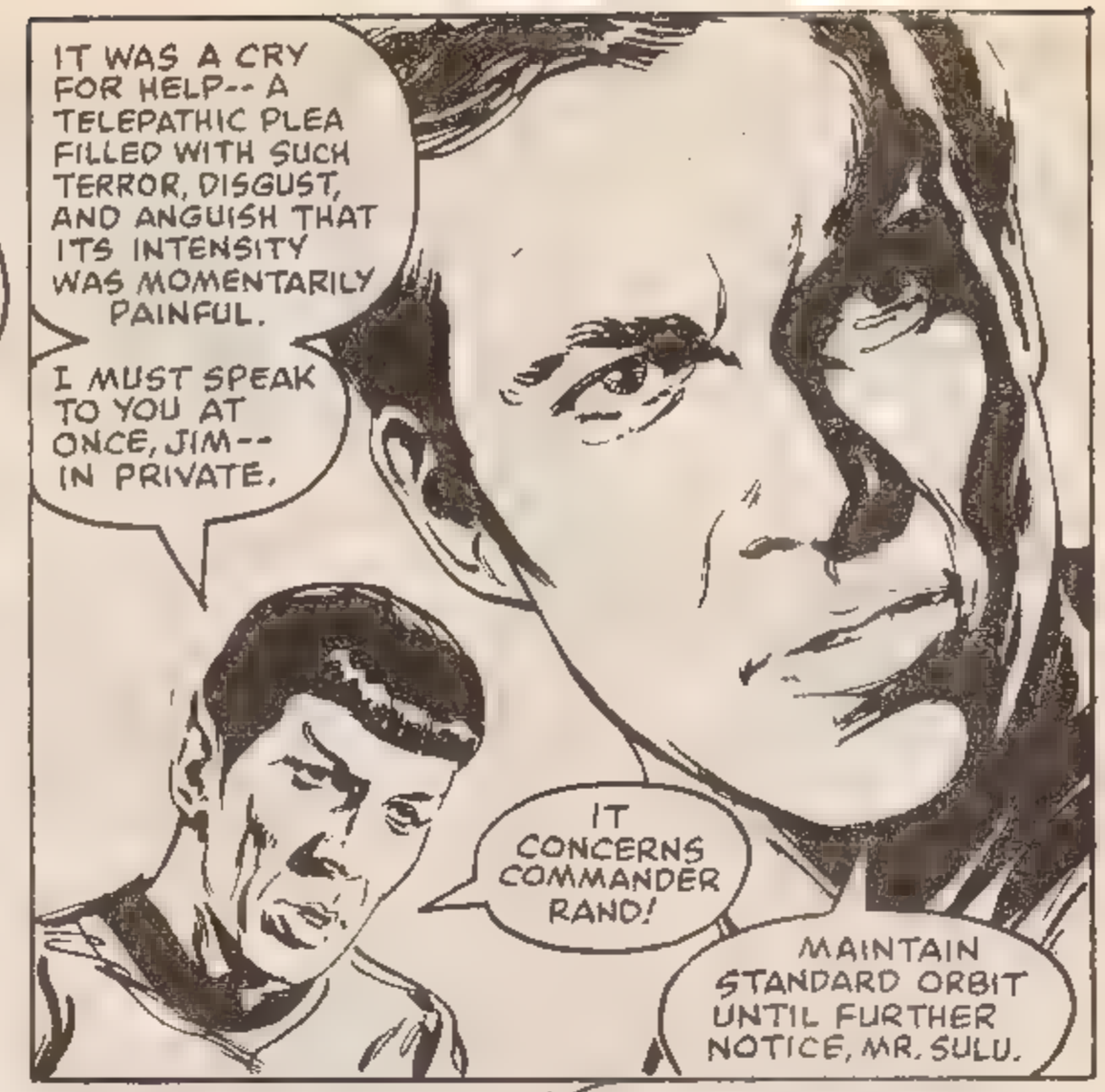

-- ABOARD A STARSHIP GONE MAD!
WHAT'S THIS--?
A CLASS-J CARGO SHIP-- DEAD AHEAD--!

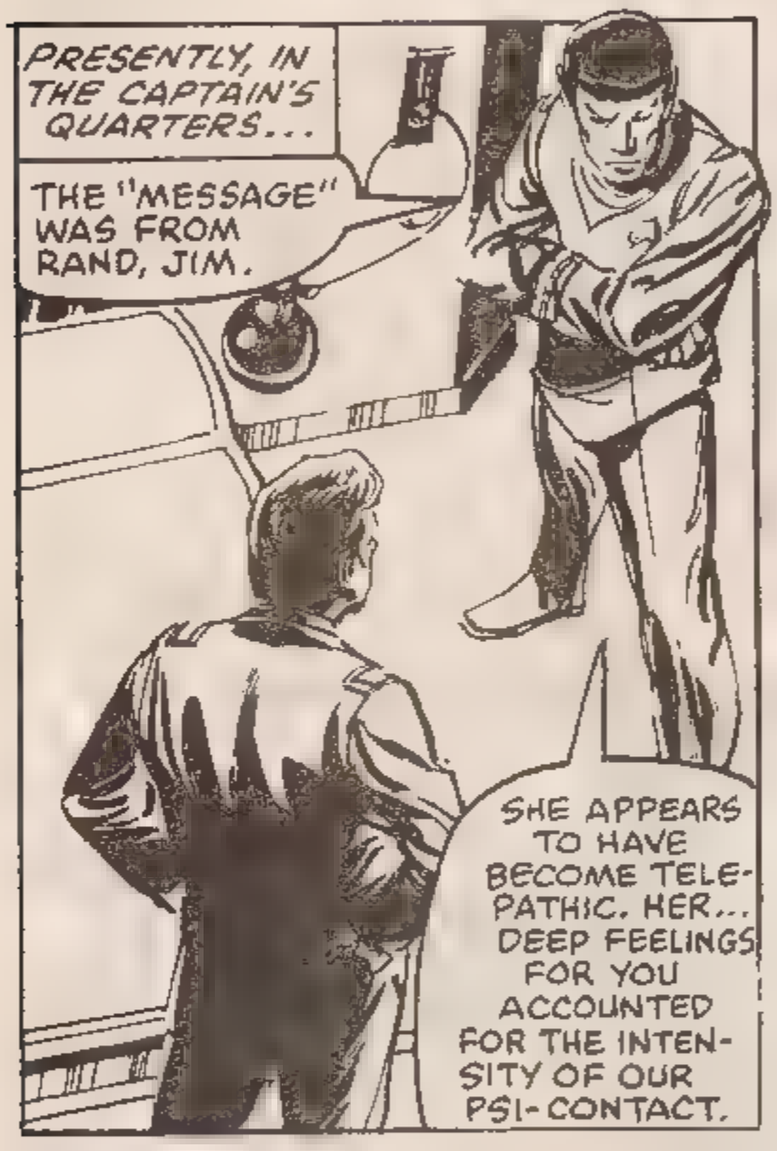
EVASIVE MANEUVERS, KADAN!
NO-- DESTROY IT! DESTROY WHATEVER STANDS IN OUR WAY!
HA HA
DESTROY! DESTROY!
HA HA HA
KADAN, NO-- THERE'S A CREW ABOARD HER--!
TOO LATE.

WHILE ON THE ENTERPRISE...
ENTERING STANDARD ORBIT AROUND CYTHERIUS, CAPTAIN.
MAINTAIN, MR. SULU.
CAPTAIN, IF I MIGHT INQUIRE--?

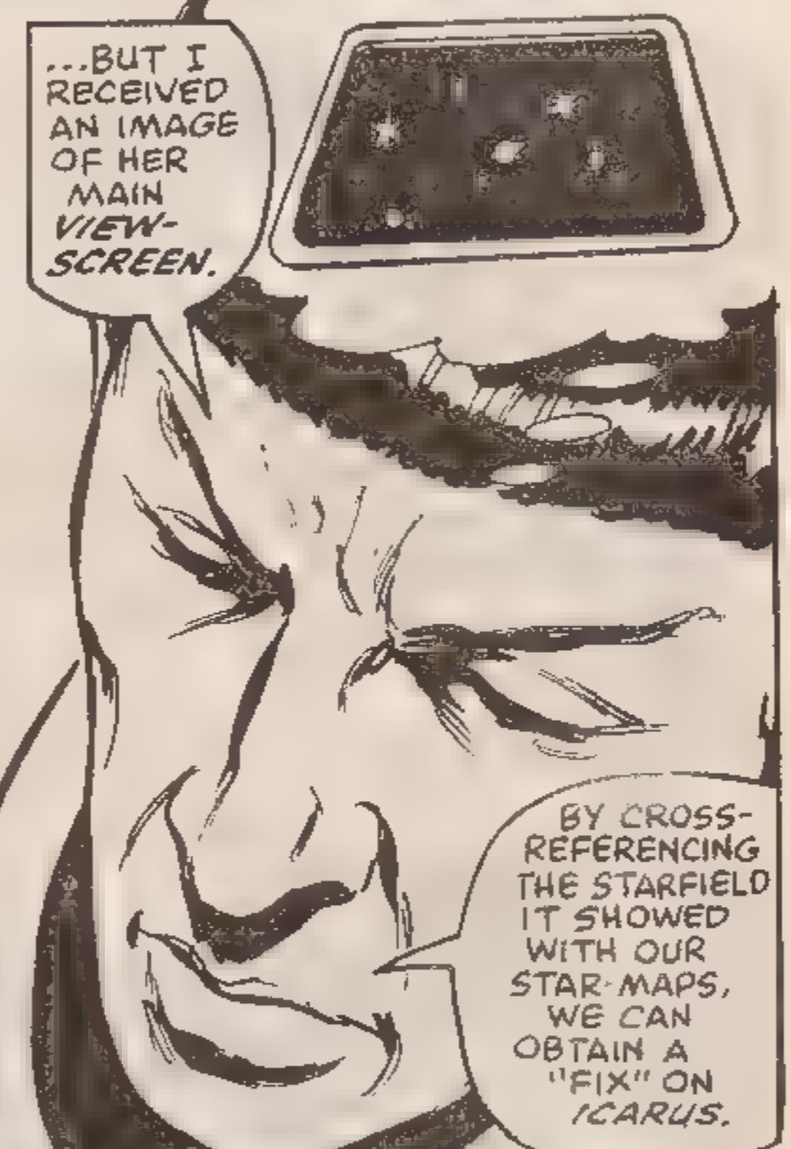
WHAT IS THE NATURE OF--
YAAAAHH
SPOCK! WHAT'S WRONG--?
SPOCK!

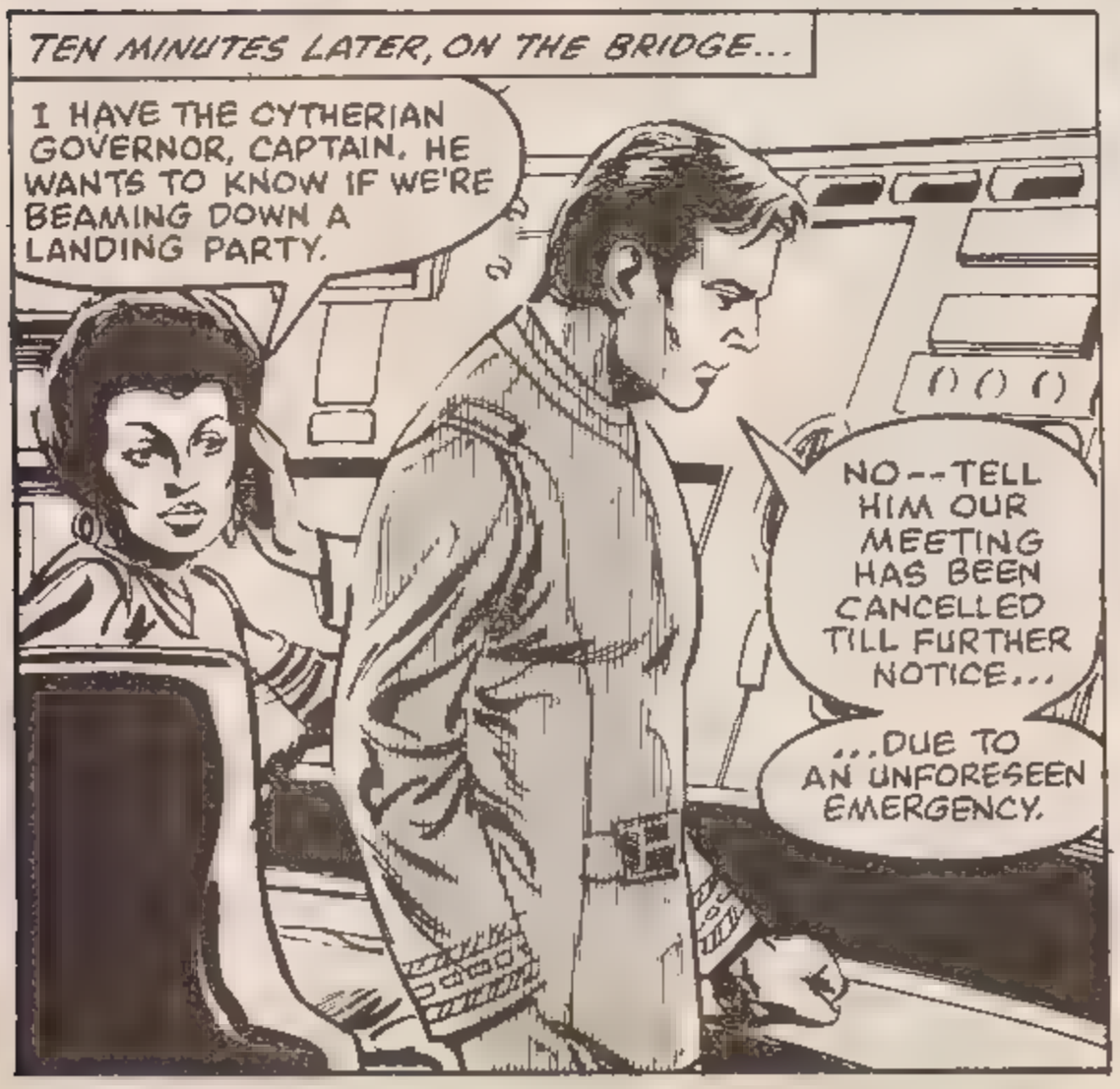
WHAT HAPPENED? YOU SEEMED TO BE IN *MIND-TOUCH* FOR A MOMENT!
INDEED, CAPTAIN. I APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN THE UNWILLING RECIPIENT OF A PSIONIC TRANSMISSION.
A MIND REACHED OUT TO ME FROM SOMEWHERE WITHIN THIS SPACE-SECTOR.

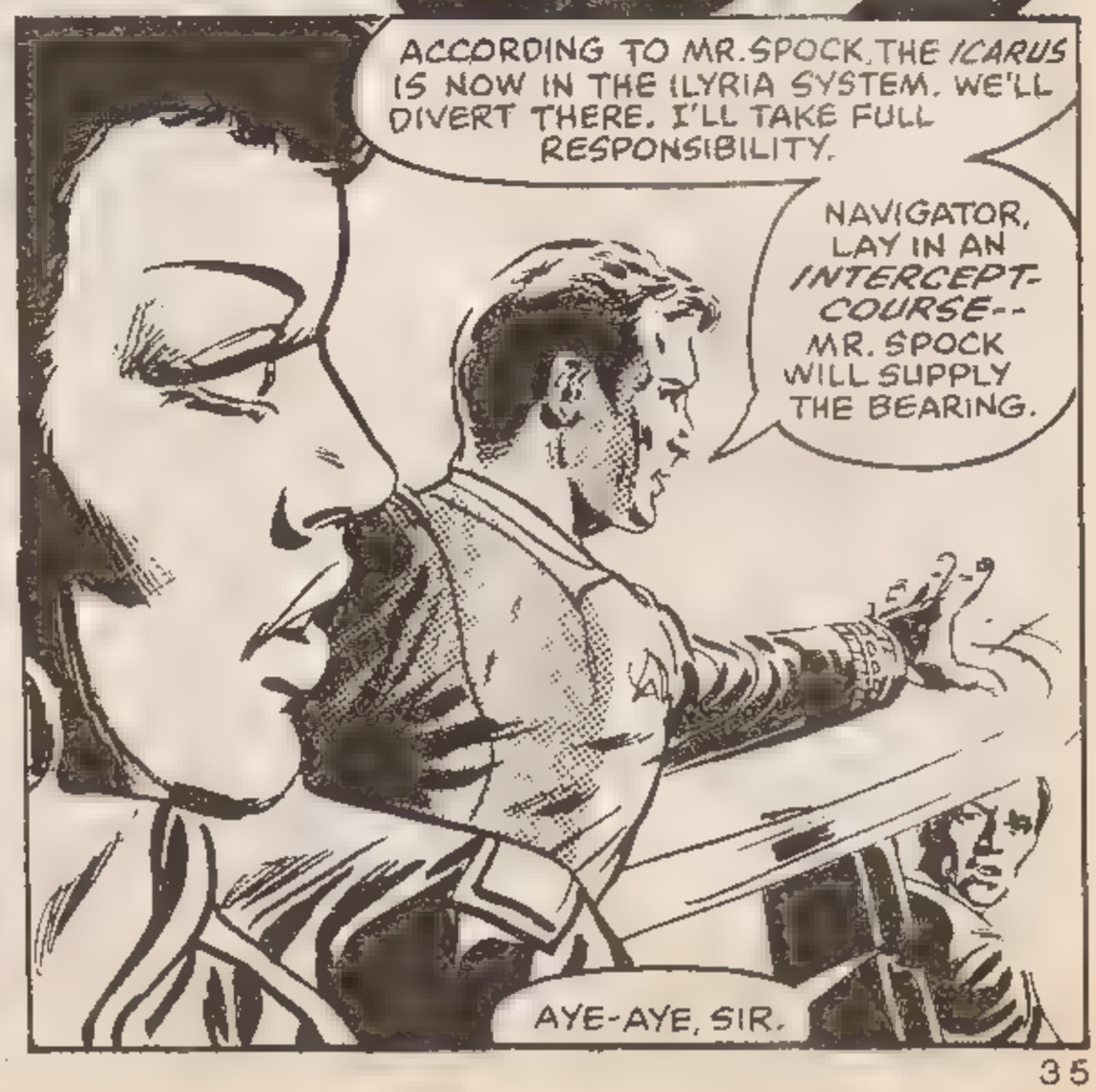

IT WAS A CRY FOR HELP-- A TELEPATHIC PLEA FILLED WITH SUCH TERROR, DISGUST, AND ANGUISH THAT ITS INTENSITY WAS MOMENTARILY PAINFUL.
I MUST SPEAK TO YOU AT ONCE, JIM-- IN PRIVATE.
IT CONCERNS COMMANDER RAND!
MAINTAIN STANDARD ORBIT UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, MR. SULU.


*PRESENTLY, IN THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS...*
THE "MESSAGE" WAS FROM RAND, JIM.
SHE APPEARS TO HAVE BECOME TELEPATHIC. HER... DEEP FEELINGS FOR YOU ACCOUNTED FOR THE INTENSITY OF OUR PSI-CONTACT.

EVIDENTLY, THE *ICARUS* IS OUT OF CONTROL. RAND CANNOT DECIDE HOW TO PROCEED.
SHE IS ASKING HERSELF, "WHAT WOULD *JIM* DO?" THAT WAS THE OVERPOWERING THOUGHT I FELT--"JIM... *JIM!*"
WHERE'S THE *ICARUS* NOW?
UNKNOWN...


...BUT I RECEIVED AN IMAGE OF HER MAIN *VIEW-SCREEN.*
BY CROSS-REFERENCING THE STARFIELD IT SHOWED WITH OUR STAR-MAPS, WE CAN OBTAIN A "FIX" ON *ICARUS.*


*TEN MINUTES LATER, ON THE BRIDGE...*
I HAVE THE CYTHERIAN GOVERNOR, CAPTAIN. HE WANTS TO KNOW IF WE'RE BEAMING DOWN A LANDING PARTY.
NO--TELL HIM OUR MEETING HAS BEEN CANCELLED TILL FURTHER NOTICE...
...DUE TO AN UNFORESEEN EMERGENCY.


ACCORDING TO MR. SPOCK, THE *ICARUS* IS NOW IN THE ILYRIA SYSTEM. WE'LL DIVERT THERE. I'LL TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY.
NAVIGATOR, LAY IN AN *INTERCEPT-COURSE*-- MR. SPOCK WILL SUPPLY THE BEARING.
AYE-AYE, SIR.

"ICARUS LOG--SUPPLEMENTAL--LT. COMMANDER RAND RECORDING:

"I MUST STOP THE SHIP SOMEHOW--BEFORE ANOTHER VESSEL--AND MORE LIVES--ARE LOST!

"THERE'S NO POINT IN TRYING TO REASON WITH KADAN...

"...AND IN ANY EVENT, THE EXCRUCIATING SENSORY OVERLOAD THAT ACCOMPANIES MY TELEPATHIC CONTACT WITH THE PHAETONIANS MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE.

"MY ONLY HOPE IS TO GET DOWN TO ENGINEERING--

"--AND CUT OFF SHIP'S POWER AT ITS SOURCE--"

÷UNNH÷

BUT EVEN THAT HOPE VANISHES, FOR--AS RAND LEARNS TO HER DISMAY--THE ALIENS HAVE USED THEIR DOMINANCE OVER THE SHIP'S COMPUTERS TO SHUT DOWN THE TURBO-LIFTS...AND TRAP HER ON THE BRIDGE!

MEANWHILE, THE ENTERPRISE HAS SPED INTO THE ILYRIA SYSTEM AT MAXIMUM WARP--AND NOW...

CAPTAIN, LOOK--SHE'S HEADING INTO SOME KIND OF... OF *HOLE*--?

IT'S A "*WHITE* HOLE," BILLINGS--A GRAVITATIONAL VORTEX OPENING INTO ANOTHER DIMENSION!

CAPTAIN--WHAT KIND OF SPACE IS THIS? I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!

NEVER MIND WHAT IT IS, MR. SULU--JUST STAY WITH THE *ICARUS*!

WHILE ABOARD THE RUNAWAY SHIP...

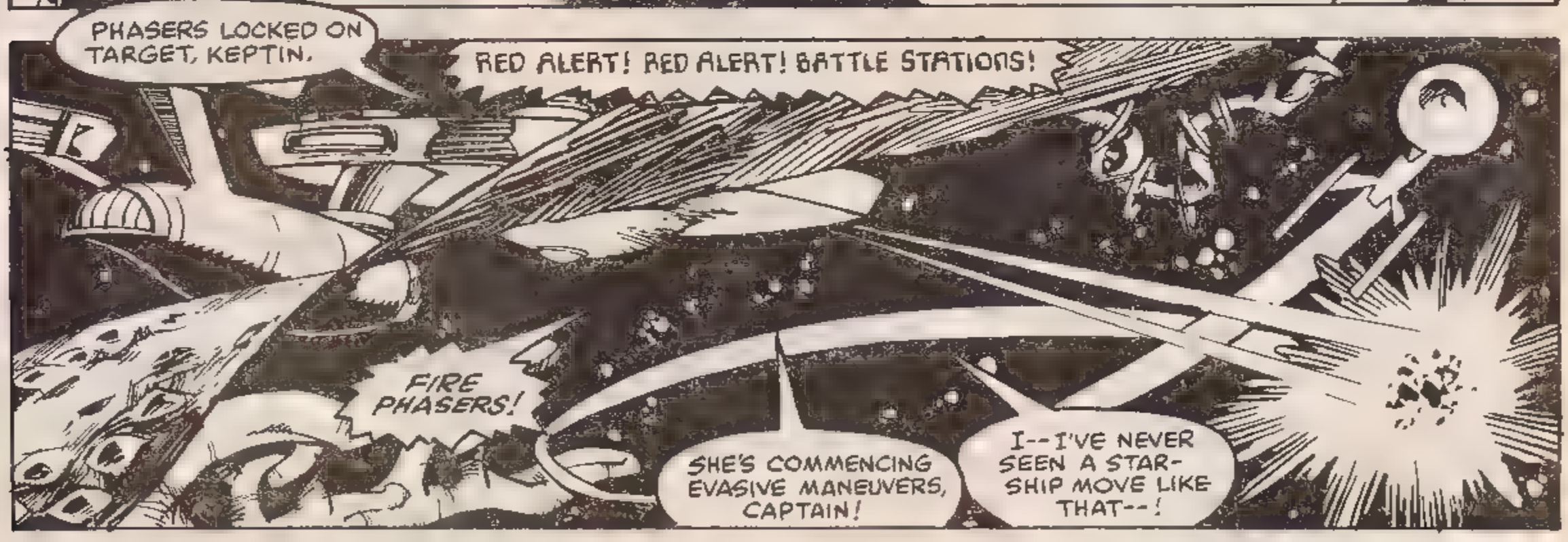
THE *ENTERPRISE*--SHE'S *FOUND* US! SPOCK MUST'VE SENSED US--TELEPATHICALLY!

WHY IS JIM DOING THIS?! DOESN'T HE REALIZE HE'S SENDING HIS CREW ON A *SUICIDE MISSION*?!

SHE'S ACCELERATING TO WARP 12, SIR--I DON'T THINK WE CAN GET ANY CLOSER!
STEADY AS SHE GOES, HELM! MR. SPOCK--
--CAN YOU PINPOINT RAND'S POSITION? WE CAN BEAM HER ABOARD--

...FOR THE ICARUS HAS RAISED ALL DEFLECTOR SHIELDS AND FORCEFIELDS!
CAPTAIN--IT IS AS IF THE PHAETONIANS HAD READ YOUR VERY THOUGHT...
UNDER THESE CONDITIONS, IT IS, OF COURSE IMPOSSIBLE TO TRANSPORT COMMANDER RAND OFF THE SHIP.

ENTERING... SPACE DEBRIS. CAPTAIN, AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT I THINK IT IS!
CAPTAIN--SENSORS INDICATE LIFE-FORMS INHABITING SOME OF THE "DEBRIS". IF THE ICARUS DESTROYS ANY OF IT--
YES--SHE MUST BE STOPPED!
AND IF WE CAN PUNCH THROUGH HER SHIELDS AND DISABLE HER ENGINES, SHE WILL BE.
MR. CHEKOV, GO TO RED ALERT. LOCK ALL FORWARD PHASER BANKS ON ICARUS' OUTWARD NACELLES!


PHASERS LOCKED ON TARGET, KEPTIN.
RED ALERT! RED ALERT! BATTLE STATIONS!
FIRE PHASERS!
SHE'S COMMENCING EVASIVE MANEUVERS, CAPTAIN!
I--I'VE NEVER SEEN A STAR-SHIP MOVE LIKE THAT--!

NEITHER HAVE I, MR. SULU--BUT I'M NOT SURPRISED!
SINCE THE PHAETONIANS ARE TIED DIRECTLY INTO THE ICARUS COMPUTERS...
...THEIR ENGINES AND MANEUVERING THRUSTERS CAN RESPOND TO THEIR COMMANDS ALMOST WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT!

"CAPTAIN'S LOG-STARDATE 8122.5: E.T.A. OVER PHAETON IS 5.6 HOURS AWAY.

"IT IS NOW IMPERATIVE THAT WE REDOUBLE OUR EFFORTS TO PENETRATE THE *ICARUS*'S SHIELDS..."

SIMPLY BEAMING RAND OFF THE *ICARUS* ISN'T ENOUGH ANY MORE, GENTLEMEN.

WE MUST TAKE *CONTROL* OF THAT SHIP! THE *ICARUS* CAN OUTMANEUVER US...

...BUT SHE'LL STAND AND FIGHT IF WE CHANNEL MOST OF OUR POWER INTO A FRONTAL ASSAULT!

YER PLAN, CAP'N--?

TO BEAM A BOARDING PARTY ONTO THE *ICARUS*--THROUGH A HOLE IN HER SHIELDS!

AYE-- BU' 'TIS A RISKY PROPOSITION! TO DO THA', WE'LL HAVE TO DROP MOST OF OUR SHIELDS--MAKIN' OURSELVES VULNERABLE!

*PRESENTLY, IN AN ENTERPRISE TRANSPORTER ROOM...*

I'D SUGGEST YE BE REMOVIN' YER BELT-BUCKLES, GENTLEMEN.

WE'VE ALREADY THOUGHT OF THAT, SCOTTY!

OUR MERE PRESENCE WILL TRIGGER THE *ICARUS*'S INTRUDER-ALERT SYSTEMS...

...BUT THE *PERSCAN DEVICES** IN THE BUCKLES WOULD ONLY MAKE IT THAT MUCH EASIER TO TRACK US DOWN!

*SCAN-TRANSCEIVERS WHICH ALLOW THE WEARER'S VITAL SIGNS TO BE MONITORED FROM SICK BAY. --L.

I DON' MIND SAYIN' I DONNA LIKE BEAMIN' YE NOWHERE WITHOUT COMMUNICATORS!

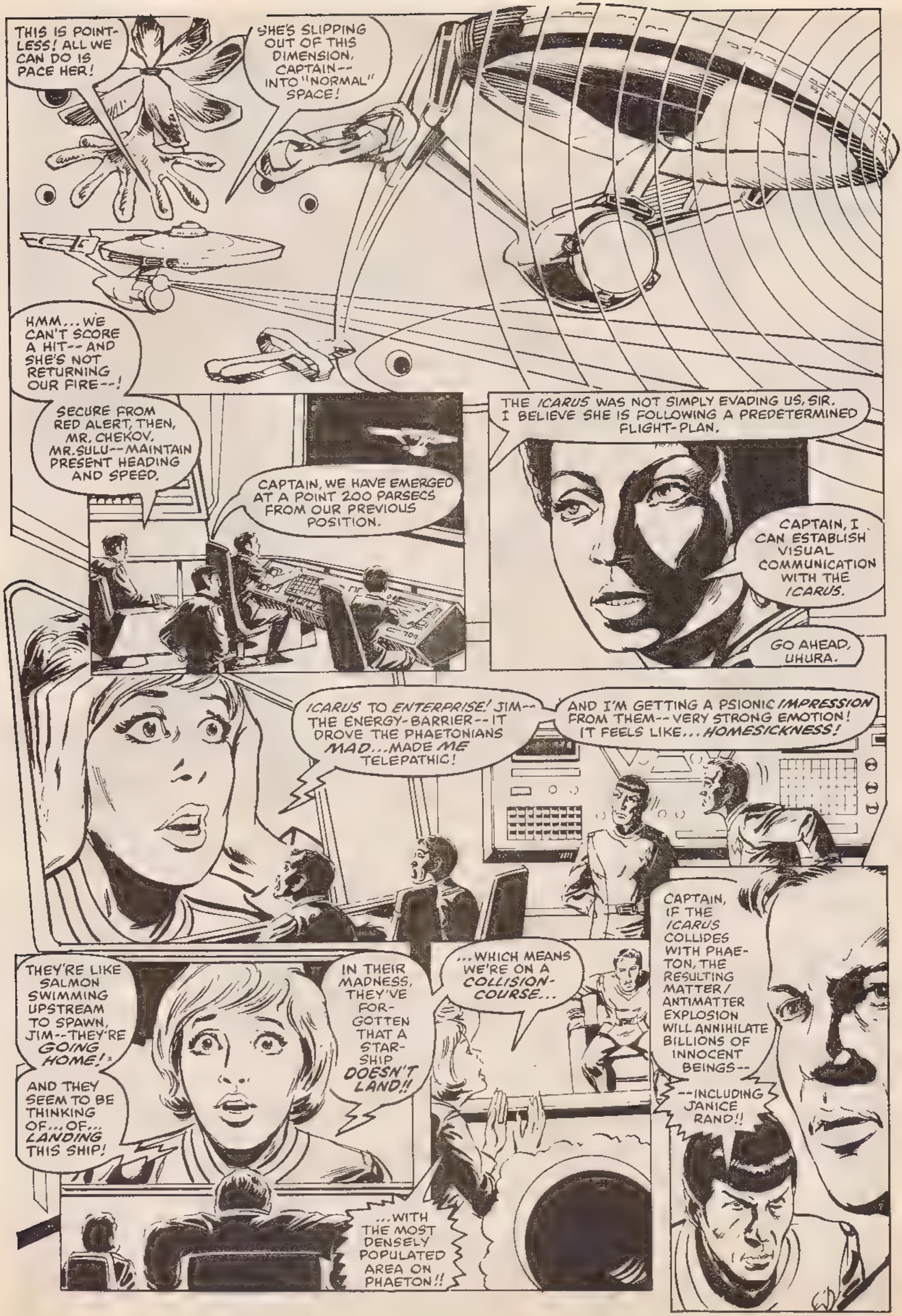
IT CAN'T BE HELPED, SCOTTY.

YOU HAVE THE CONN NOW-- GOOD LUCK.

*THUS...*

IT'S WORKIN', SIR! HELM REPORTS *ICARUS* NO. 4 SHIELD *BUCKLIN'*!

ALL RIGHT, THEN, SCOTTY-- *ENERGIZE!*


THIS IS POINTLESS! ALL WE CAN DO IS PACE HER!
SHE'S SLIPPING OUT OF THIS DIMENSION, CAPTAIN-- INTO "NORMAL" SPACE!
HMM... WE CAN'T SCORE A HIT-- AND SHE'S NOT RETURNING OUR FIRE--!
SECURE FROM RED ALERT, THEN, MR. CHEKOV. MR. SULU--MAINTAIN PRESENT HEADING AND SPEED.
CAPTAIN, WE HAVE EMERGED AT A POINT 200 PARSECS FROM OUR PREVIOUS POSITION.
THE *ICARUS* WAS NOT SIMPLY EVADING US, SIR. I BELIEVE SHE IS FOLLOWING A PREDETERMINED FLIGHT-PLAN.
CAPTAIN, I CAN ESTABLISH VISUAL COMMUNICATION WITH THE *ICARUS*.
GO AHEAD, UHURA.
*ICARUS* TO *ENTERPRISE*! JIM-- THE ENERGY-BARRIER-- IT DROVE THE PHAETONIANS *MAD*...MADE *ME* TELEPATHIC!
AND I'M GETTING A PSIONIC *IMPRESSION* FROM THEM-- VERY STRONG EMOTION! IT FEELS LIKE... *HOMESICKNESS*!
THEY'RE LIKE SALMON SWIMMING UPSTREAM TO SPAWN, JIM--THEY'RE *GOING HOME*!
AND THEY SEEM TO BE THINKING OF...OF... *LANDING* THIS SHIP!
IN THEIR MADNESS, THEY'VE FORGOTTEN THAT A STARSHIP *DOESN'T LAND*!!
...WHICH MEANS WE'RE ON A *COLLISION-COURSE*...
...WITH THE MOST DENSELY POPULATED AREA ON PHAETON!!
CAPTAIN, IF THE *ICARUS* COLLIDES WITH PHAETON, THE RESULTING MATTER/ ANTIMATTER EXPLOSION WILL ANNIHILATE BILLIONS OF INNOCENT BEINGS--
--INCLUDING JANICE RAND!!

SUDDENLY-- THE ICARUS COUNTER-ATTACKS!
INCOMING FIRE-- AHEAD 36 MARK 2!
HARD TO STAR-BOARD, HELM-- GIVE 'ER OUR PORT SHIELDS!
ICARUS HAS PIVOTED, MR. SCOTT-- WE'RE LOSING HER!
THA' I SEE, LADDIE! DAMAGE CONTROL PROCEDURES, ALL DECKS!
ICARUS
ENGINEERING REPORTS. HEAVY CASUALTIES, SIR-- AND DAMAGE TO THE INTEGRATOR BYPASS CONTROL!
ONLY IMPULSE POWER AVAILABLE UNTIL REPAIRS CAN BE AFFECTED!
AYE--AN' NOW THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN PURSUE THE ICARUS...
...OR BEAM BACK TH' BOARDIN' PARTY!
THEY'RE DOOMED UNLESS TH' CAP'N CAN STOP THAT BLOOMIN' SHIP--
"--ASSUMIN', OF COURSE, THEY EVEN MADE IT ABOARD HER..."
-- SCOTTY'S MEN BEAMED US IN RIGHT WHERE WE WANTED TO BE!
WHAT'S THIS-- THEIR ENGINEERING COMPLEX?
THAT'S RIGHT, BONES--
MR. SPOCK--?
YES, CAPTAIN-- I SHALL ATTEMPT MANUAL OVERRIDE AT ONCE.

HOWEVER...
SPOCK!
FORCEFIELD... SPRUNG UP-- SURROUNDING CONTROL PANEL--!
CANNOT... MAKE CONTACT--!
SPOCK-- ARE YOU--?
QUITE, DOCTOR.
IT'S HOPELESS! THE PHAETONIANS HAVE PLUGGED INTO THE SHIP'S SENSORS!
WHATEVER WE DO-- WHEREVER WE GO-- THEY'LL KNOW!
WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST WE DO, COMMANDER-- GIVE UP?
I ADMIT THE ODDS DO SEEM AGAINST US.
THAT "FORCEFIELD" WAS PROBABLY CREATED BY ENERGY FROM THE PHAETONIANS' OWN "BODIES"--
--CHANNELED THROUGH SHIP'S CIRCUITRY!
SO THERE'S NO WAY OF TELLING HOW EXTENSIVE THEIR CONTROL OF THE ICARUS REALLY IS.
BUT WE'VE GOT TO GO ON--! WE'LL TRY TO GET TO THE BRIDGE...
...AND TAKE CONTROL FROM THERE-- EH?
FREE-FALL!
THEY'VE GOT CONTROL OF THIS TURBO-LIFT, TOO--?
SO IT WOULD SEEM, DOCTOR, PHASERS, GENTLEMEN-- ON "DISRUPT."
CAPTAIN--?
DO AS HE SAYS, SULU.

INTENSELY, THE VULCAN CONCENTRATES ON THE BANDS OF LIGHT THAT INDICATE THE RAPIDLY-PASSING DECKS AS THE TURBO-LIFT PLUMMETS -- AND INSTINCTIVELY, KIRK SEEMS TO UNDERSTAND HIS PLAN...

STAND BY TO FIRE INTO THE MANUAL CONTROL ON MY SIGNAL. 5...4...3...2...1...

NOW.

IF SOME OF THE PHAETONIANS ARE "OCCUPYING" THESE CONTROLS, WE'LL BE KILLING THEM -- BUT IT CAN'T BE AVOIDED!

THEN MAY GOD FORGIVE US --!

BLWHEEO

THERE'S A SOUND LIKE AN ALIEN SCREAM --

--AND IN SECONDS, THE TURBO-LIFT HAS GROUND TO A SHUDDERING HALT!

SWIFTLY, THE QUARTET BLASTS ITS WAY OUT OF THE ELEVATOR...

...AND FINDS ITSELF IN THE GYMNASIUM ON THE BOTTOM DECK OF THE SECONDARY HULL...

AT LEAST YOU STOPPED THAT BLASTED THING *ON* A DECK INSTEAD OF BETWEEN 'EM, SPOCK!

THAT WAS PRECISELY MY INTENTION, DOCTOR.

BUT NO SOONER HAVE THE MEN ENTERED THE GYM THAN...

WE'RE UNDER ATTACK --!

ANIMATED BY THE PHAETONIANS, A MECHANICAL SPARRING PARTNER LURCHES FROM THE GYM'S BOXING RING TO ATTACK SULU...

...WHILE A STORAGE COMPARTMENT DROPS OPEN -- SEEMINGLY OF ITS OWN VOLITION -- ASSAULTING KIRK WITH AN AVALANCHE OF BAR-BELLS!

THEN, A SECOND COMPARTMENT OPENS BY ITSELF--

--AND AN AUTOMATED EXERCISE MACHINE SPRINGS FROM ITS RECESS IN A BULKHEAD...

...IMPRISONING SPOCK WITHIN IT!

WHILE ON THE OPPOSITE END OF THE GYM...

WHAP

UNNH!!

KRAMM

I AM ADDRESSING MYSELF TO THAT PROBLEM AT THE MOMENT, CAPTAIN.

I BELIEVE THIS BOLT IS ATTACHED AT A CRUCIAL STRESS-POINT--

WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT BEFORE IT FINISHES HIM OFF!

WE'VE GOT TO FREE OURSELVES!!

SULU SEEMS TO BE LOSING HIS FIGHT WITH THAT ROBOT, SPOCK!

--AND REMOVING IT WILL CAUSE THIS ENTIRE MECHANISM TO...

...COLLAPSE.

...AND AS SPOCK ROLLS FREE OF THE EXERCISER'S SCATTERED PARTS...

I'LL HAVE MY LEG FREED IN A SECOND, SPOCK...

...THEN WE TAKE OUT THAT MECHANICAL BOXER!

BLWHEEO!

"ICARUS LOG-STARDATE UNKNOWN-LT. COMMANDER *RAND* RECORDING: I HAVE BEGUN TO SENSE THE PRESENCE OF A HUMAN BOARDING PARTY FROM THE *ENTERPRISE* SOMEWHERE ON THIS SHIP!

"THE PHAETONIANS SEEM FULLY ABSORBED IN BOTH MANEUVERING THE SHIP AND DEPLOYING DEFENSES AGAINST THE BOARDING PARTY...

"...AND THEY SEEM NOT TO HAVE NOTICED THAT I'VE LOCATED AN ACCESS PLATE ON THE BRIDGE-- WHICH OPENS ONTO A *JEFFRIES TUBE.*

"WHERE THE TUBE WILL LEAD ME, I CAN'T SAY, BUT MY PSIONIC IMPRESSION OF THE BOARDING PARTY'S LOCATION IS GROWING STRONGER..."

THE GYM--! THEY'RE IN THE *GYM!*

*MEANWHILE-- KIRK AND SPOCK HAVE DESTROYED THE ROBOT-BOXER! NOW...*

LET'S GO, BONES-- THERE'S NO TELLING HOW SOON IT'LL BE BEFORE THE PHAETONIANS RIG ANOTHER "SURPRISE" FOR US!

NO, JIM-- YOU AND SPOCK WILL HAVE TO GO ON BY YOURSELVES.

SULU CAN'T BE MOVED. HE NEEDS MY ATTENTION.

CAPTAIN, I'M IN CONTACT WITH RAND--

--SHE'S PROCEEDING THRU A JEFFRIES TUBE ALONG THE CONNECTION LINE BETWEEN THE PRIMARY AND SECONDARY HULLS!

I SHALL LEAD US TO HER!

YES, SPOCK-- I "HEAR" YOU!

CAPTAIN! THANK HEAVEN--!

THANK *MR. SPOCK*, JANICE-- HE'S A VERITABLE HOMING PIGEON!

A WHAT--?

AN ANCIENT EARTH BIRD OF--

NOT NOW, SPOCK.

ENTERPRISE LOG - STARDATE 8122.6 - COMMANDER MON'GOMERY SCOTT RECORDIN': REPAIR O' TH' MATTER/ANTI-MATTER INTEGRATOR BYPASS CONTROL HAS BEEN COMPLETED.

"I HAVE ASSEMBLED ALL HANDS ON TH' REC DECK FOR WHA' MAY BE THEIR FINAL BRIEFIN'..."

WE'RE ESTIMATIN' ONE HOUR AFORE TH' *ICARUS* COLLIDES WITH PHAETON.

WE CANNA' BE CERTAIN THE CAP'N AN' HIS BOARDIN' PARTY ARE STILL ALIVE.

THERE IS BU' ONE WAY T' SAVE TH' PHAETONIAN CITY:

TO PUSH THIS SHIP T' TH' LIMIT AN O'ERTAKE TH' *ICARUS*...

...AN' DESTROY HER BEFORE SHE COLLIDES WITH PHAETON--

--BY *COLLIDIN'* WITH HER OURSELVES!!

*ICARUS*, OF COURSE, WILL NO DOUBT ATTACK US AS WE APPROACH-- BU' TH' ATTEMPT, A' LEAST, MUS' BE MADE.

I HAVE RECEIVED A COMMUNIQUE FROM STARFLEET COMMAND--

--AUTHORIZIN' ME T' USE EXTREME MEASURES T' STOP TH' *ICARUS*...

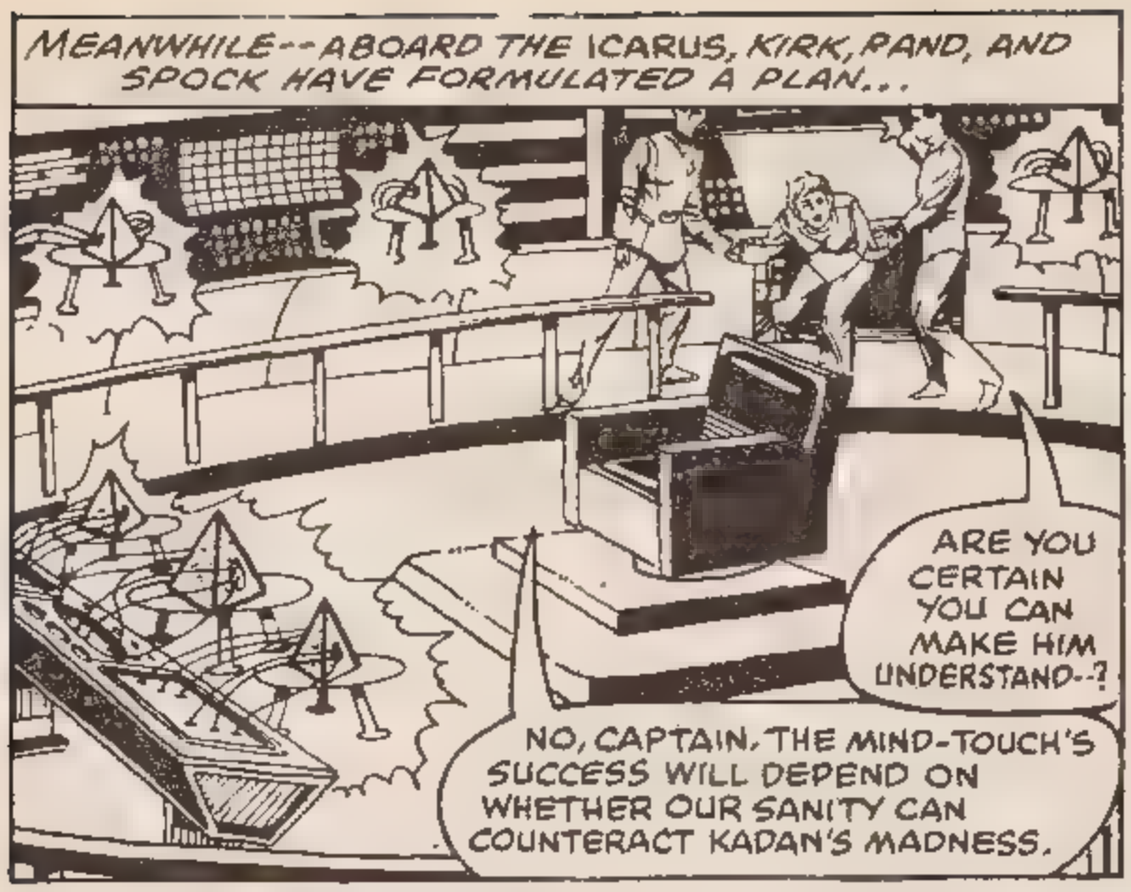
...AN' T' REGARD TH' *ENTERPRISE* AS EXPENDABLE.

PRE-WARP-OUT COUN'DOWN WILL BEGIN IN 30 MINUTES.

I SUGGEST YE BE USIN' THA' TIME T' GET YER PERSONAL AFFAIRS IN ORDER.

AN' FOR WHA'EVER IT'S WORTH...

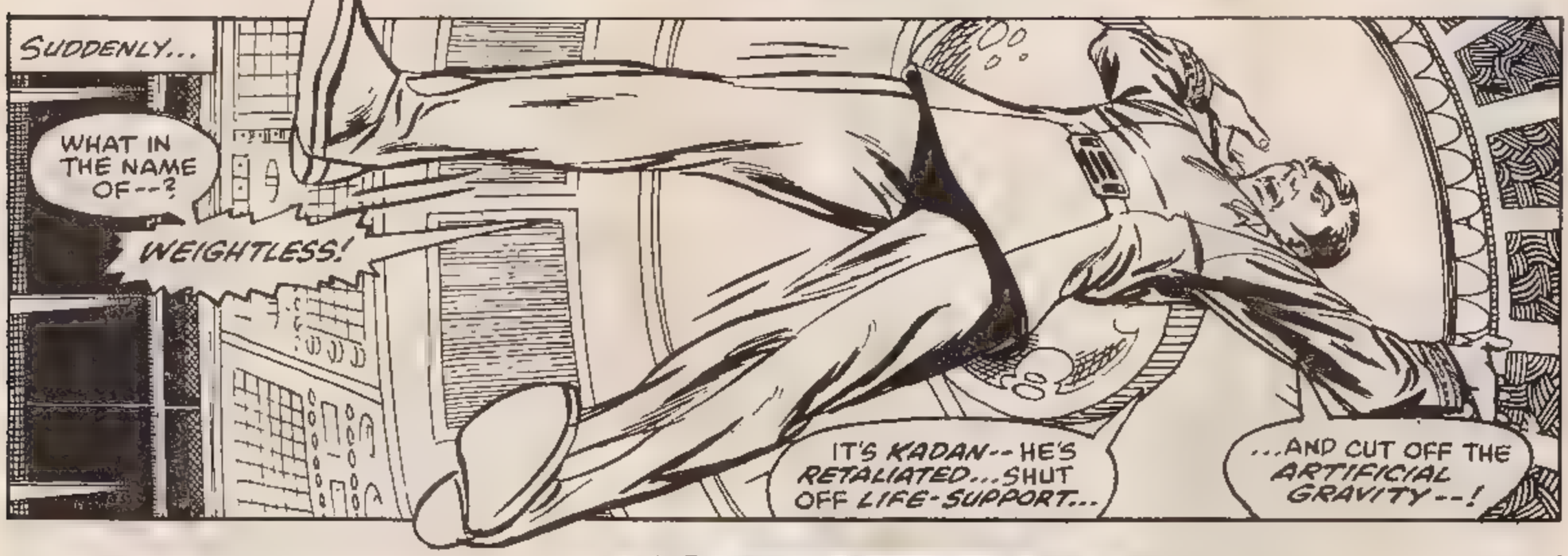
...I'M SORRY.


MEANWHILE--ABOARD THE ICARUS, KIRK, RAND, AND SPOCK HAVE FORMULATED A PLAN...
ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU CAN MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND--?
NO, CAPTAIN. THE MIND-TOUCH'S SUCCESS WILL DEPEND ON WHETHER OUR SANITY CAN COUNTERACT KADAN'S MADNESS.

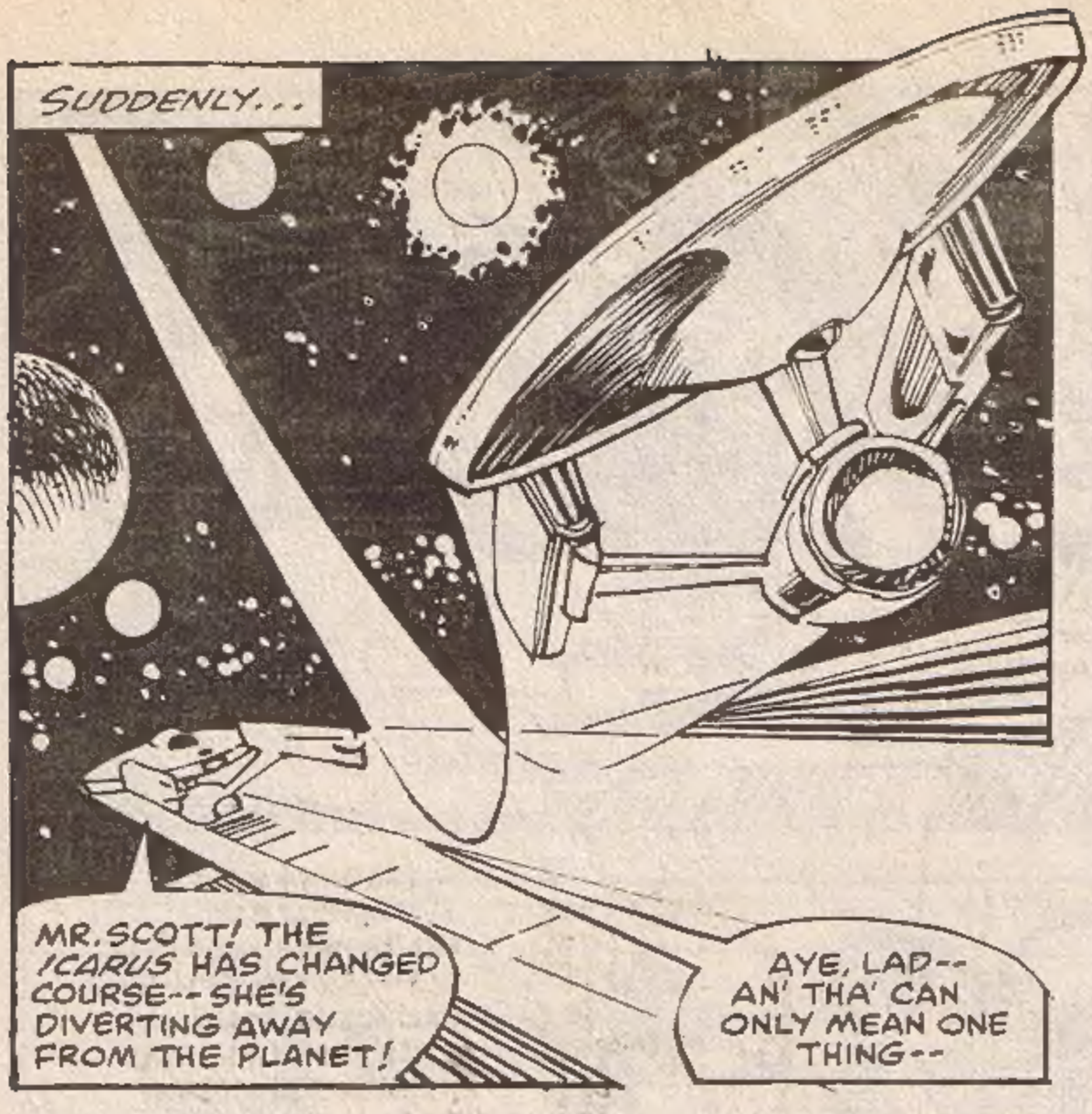
MR. SPOCK! CAN YOU FEEL IT?
GET AWAY LEAVE ME I WILL DESTROY
PARANOIA-- WAVES AND WAVES OF IT!
DESTROY
DESTROY
INDEED, AND I SHARE YOUR REVULSION, COM-MANDER...

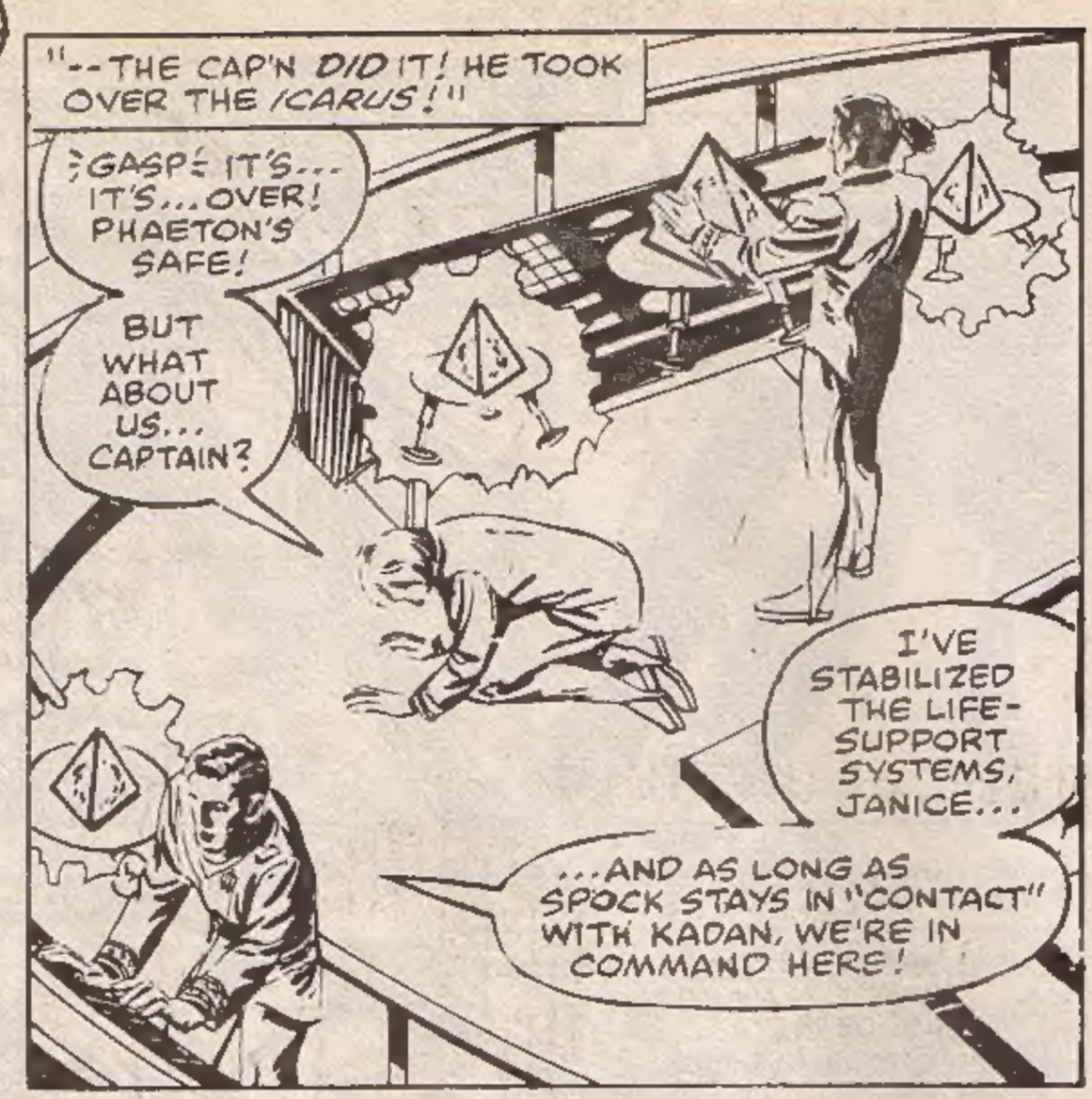
...BUT YOU MUST OVERCOME IT.
NOW, COME-- JOIN YOUR MIND WITH MINE... AND KADAN'S!
TRY, COMMANDER! I WILL ASSIST YOU!
OUR MINDS TO YOUR MIND, KADAN.

I DON'T...THINK I CAN... DO THIS. IT TAKES...SO MUCH DISCIPLINE--!
YES-- OUR THOUGHTS... TO YOUR THOUGHTS...

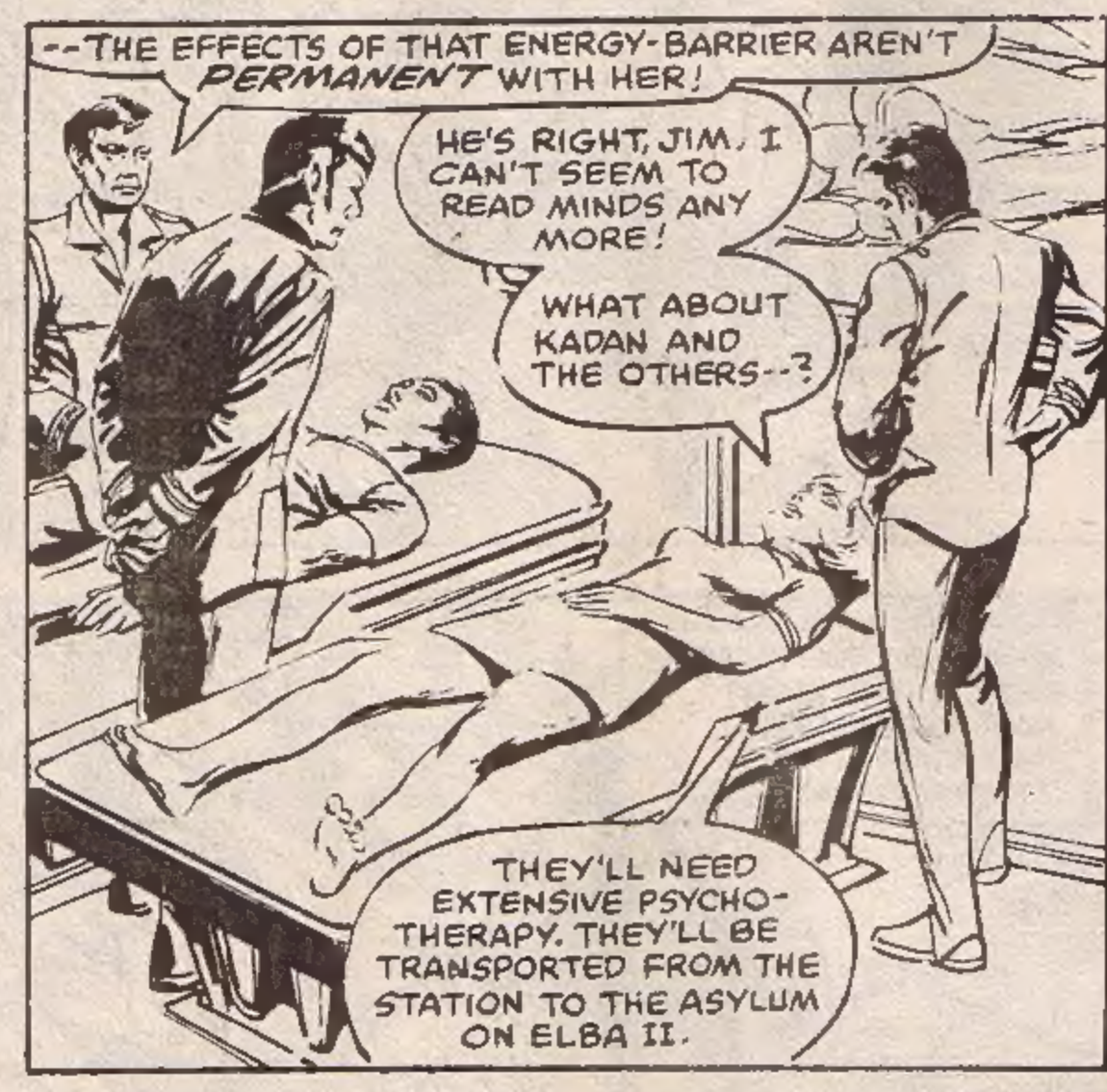

SUDDENLY...
WHAT IN THE NAME OF--?
WEIGHTLESS!
IT'S KADAN-- HE'S RETALIATED...SHUT OFF LIFE-SUPPORT...
...AND CUT OFF THE ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY--!

GOT TO...GET TO... ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY-CONTROL... AND ENVIRONMENT-CONTROL STATIONS--!
WE HAVE BEEN TOO LONG IN SPACE! WE WANT--WE MUST HAVE-- THE HOMEWORLD! THE TERRANS MUST NOT INTERFERE--!


SUDDENLY...
MR. SCOTT! THE ICARUS HAS CHANGED COURSE--SHE'S DIVERTING AWAY FROM THE PLANET!
AYE, LAD--AN' THA' CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING--


"--THE CAP'N DID IT! HE TOOK OVER THE ICARUS!"
¡GASP! IT'S... IT'S...OVER! PHAETON'S SAFE!
BUT WHAT ABOUT US... CAPTAIN?
I'VE STABILIZED THE LIFE-SUPPORT SYSTEMS, JANICE...
...AND AS LONG AS SPOCK STAYS IN "CONTACT" WITH KADAN, WE'RE IN COMMAND HERE!

"CAPTAIN'S LOG-STARDATE 8182.3: WE ARE IN ORBIT AROUND DEEP SPACE STATION K-12. LT. COMMANDER RAND IS UNDERGOING A ROUTINE EXAMINATION IN SICK BAY..."
HOW ARE YOU FEELING, JANICE?
SHE'S FINE, JIM.
BETTER OFF THAN THOSE PHAETONIANS, TOO--


--THE EFFECTS OF THAT ENERGY-BARRIER AREN'T PERMANENT WITH HER!
HE'S RIGHT, JIM. I CAN'T SEEM TO READ MINDS ANY MORE!
WHAT ABOUT KADAN AND THE OTHERS--?
THEY'LL NEED EXTENSIVE PSYCHO-THERAPY. THEY'LL BE TRANSPORTED FROM THE STATION TO THE ASYLUM ON ELBA II.

THAT CHANGES THINGS, I GUESS. THE MIND I... RESPECTED IN KADAN MAY NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN.
I'LL HAVE TO SEEK AN ANNULMENT--
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT NOW... YOU THINK YOU COULD STAND BEING JUST A TRANSPORTER CHIEF AGAIN?
WHAT ELSE IS THERE?

I'M SORRY, JANICE...
DON'T BE, JIM.
I WANTED TO ACCOMPLISH SOMETHING MEANINGFUL--AND I HAVE.
I'VE HELPED SAVE MILLIONS OF LIVES...AND THAT'S NOTHING TO BE SORRY ABOUT--IS IT?

THE END.

From the Files of

# STARFLEET COMMAND HEADQUARTERS

## MEDICAL UNIFORMS

**Medical worksuit for lower ranks:** White, with caduceus.*

**MEDICAL CLASS-A:** Grey or beige with vee-cut collar; Dr. McCoy in grey, Dr. Chapel in beige.

**Medical work uniforms:** White, with no bio-scan buckle, and a caduceus, instead of Starfleet insignia; shoulder tabs show rank. Worn only in sick bay & surgery.

For less formal occasions outside the sick bay, McCoy wears a white Class-B tunic over white pants; Chapel wears a beige Class-B tunic with white pants.

*Caduceus: Winged staff with twined snakes. Carried by the god Mercury in Roman mythology, now a symbol of the medical profession.

19f SPITAL ROAD,
MALDON,
ESSEX, ENGLAND
Tel 0621 56628

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